

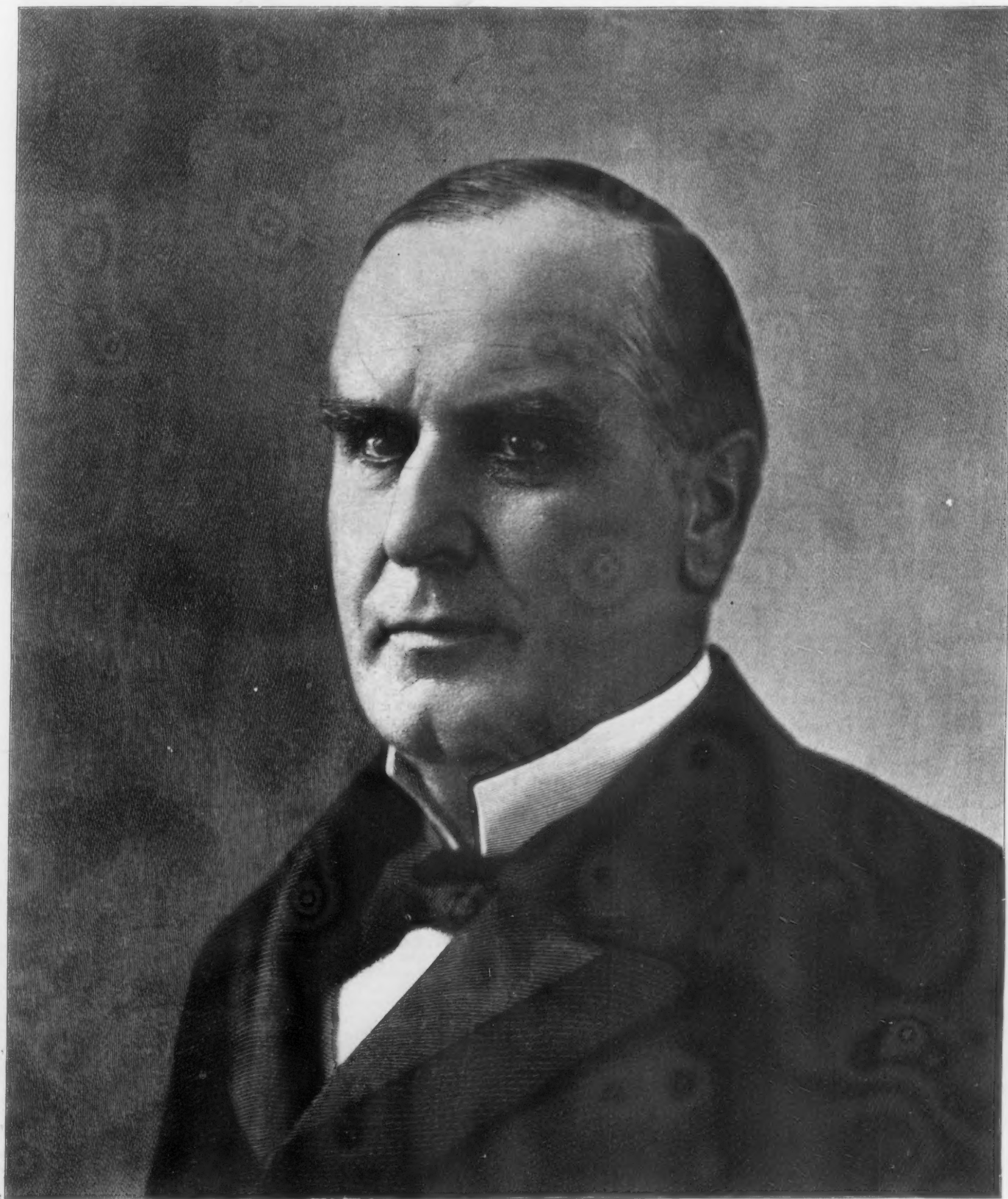
COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1896.

ITALIAN IMMIGRATION.

U. S. IMMIGRATION COMMISSIONER SENNER is not inclined to agree with the popular outcry against the immigrants who come to this country from Italy. He voices his sentiments on the subject in the last number of the *North American Review*. About all that he finds to say in their favor, however, after a careful review of the subject, is that the majority of them return to Italy after having made sufficient money here to live upon in their own country without working. The amount that they take back in this way annually is estimated at from four to thirty millions of dollars. In fact, the increased wealth of certain sections of Italy is due to the steady influx of this American money, as shown by Commissioner-General Stamp.

Dr. Senner says that the standard of living of these people is far below that of an American wage-earner, which makes it easy for them to accumulate. The strict enforcement of the Federal statutes since 1893 by the immigration officials has made it hard, and will make it harder, for these birds of passage to come and go at their pleasure, Dr. Senner says.

A well-known labor leader when shown this statement of Dr. Senner's smiled, and said that it was small satisfaction to him to know that certain sections of Italy had been enriched by these immigrants, or that they were able to live far below the American standard. "Just as much as these people have enriched Italy they have impoverished American workingmen, American tradespeople and American manufacturers, even, in the long run," said he. "So far as the enforcement of the Federal immigration statutes is concerned, I think the less said the better."

ELECTRICITY ONCE MORE.

THE *Journal de Genere* gives some startling details respecting the deflection of steel projectiles by electricity. It will be remembered that Dr. Conan Doyle, in the *Stark Munro* Letters, attributed an invention to his crazy hero for deflecting shots from vessels by means of accumulators at the stem and stern. That which appeared improbable now seems to be easy of realization—at least if the facts stated by our contemporary have not been misapprehended. They are as follows:

"The committee of the Federal rifle meeting at Winterthur has made a curious discovery while summing up the results of the last course. The greater number of the hits on the target from the right side of the range were marked on the right of the bull's-eye, while those fired from the left of the range were almost exclusively on its left. Moreover, all projectiles partly or wholly constructed of steel had become magnetic. These facts suggested various theories, and among them it was suggested that the diversion of the bullets might be due to the numerous electric and telephone wires extending along both sides of the range at Winterthur. Fresh experiments at the ranges of Berne and Thun

conducted to this conclusion. The authorities at Thun seem to have little or no doubt on the subject.

"At Thun authorities established parallel with the rifle range, at a distance of little more than forty yards, an electric current of eight thousand volts, carried along four steel cables. With a view of tracing the whole effect paper circlelets were placed at every ten yards. The first experiments were made with the Swiss model rifle of 1889. With this the influence of the electric current was at once apparent. In a distance of two hundred and sixty yards the bullet took a lateral deviation of twenty-four yards, and after that the curve of the trajectory was still more marked. The second experiments were made with the Japanese 3.3mm. rifle of Colonel Yamagata, and they were still more decisive, the bullet being rapidly attracted to the electric wires and following their course with absolute servility. Further attempts were made with artillery. The range selected was one of three thousand yards and two hundred yards in front of the targets, but forty yards to the side was placed the electric battery. Every shot was diverted by its influence far to the side of the target—to be exact the deviation was one of fourteen degrees.

"The conclusions drawn from these experiments are that a section of infantry exposed to fire at three hundred yards would enjoy complete safety if a dynamo or accumulator were placed on its flank; a whole company would be in the same security at five hundred yards, and artillery fire could be rendered innocuous at one thousand yards. If these facts are sound, the new small bore rifle is doomed, and we shall have to return to the heavy bullet of lead, because it is unaffected by electricity. But to military reformers this will signify a repulse along the whole line."

MAN'S INHUMANITY.

It is almost incredible that in a city like New York, and in this age of enlightenment, an outrage such as that perpetrated last week in a police station in that city could go unpunished. Several boys had been arrested on Saturday for the heinous offense of selling flowers beyond the allotted line on the sidewalk, and from the time of their arrest, three o'clock that afternoon, until ten o'clock Monday morning, when they were arraigned in court, they were without food. A man who would so maltreat a horse or a dog would be arrested and prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, yet the government which provides for compulsory humanity toward the brute permits and condones the practice by its paid representatives toward the unfortunate human being who falls under the temporary displeasure of one of these emissaries of mis-called Justice, of torture of which a savage would be ashamed. The Police Commissioners claim that they are helpless. Perhaps they are. They lay the blame at the door of the Comptroller. This may or may not be true. But whether it is due to the political animosity of one official or set of officials, or to the brutal indifference of another, it is equally shameful and equally worthy of prompt attention.

NO MORE SCHOLARSHIPS.

THE Board of Governors of McGill University in Montreal has made a radical move in the discontinuing of scholarships. The reason of this step is the condition attached to a gift by a wealthy resident of that city, W. C. McDonald, who has already given hundreds of thousands of dollars to the university, and has promised to give a further sum, approximating close upon a million dollars, on condition that all exemption scholarships in the several faculties shall be abolished. The Board of Governors of the university has acceded to the proposition, and, as a preliminary, has sent notices to the Protestant School Commissioners and other parties interested, notifying these bodies that after the close of the coming session all exempted scholarships in the Faculty of Arts will be abolished.

One of the reasons for this action is the rapidity with which the scholarships have increased during the last twenty-five years. In the earlier history of the university a person giving one thousand dollars to the university was given a scholarship which he might present to any one he pleased. For each successive one thousand dollars an additional scholarship was granted.

These were worth about thirty-seven dollars, eleven dollars of which had to be paid by the university in fees to the different faculties and societies connected with McGill. Owing to the many handsome bequests received in recent years, the number of bursaries had increased to such an extent as to prove a heavy drain upon the resources of the university. Hence the decision of the Governors to abolish the scholarships in the Faculty of Arts, with the ultimate object, it is said, of abolishing all scholarships in the several faculties.

AN UNLUCKY AMATEUR.

THE familiar admonition not to monkey with a buzz-saw might with propriety be extended so as to cover electricity in its various forms, but that most people know enough not to need such supplementary advice. One of the few who didn't was George Collet, formerly of New York, and now he needs it as little as anybody. Previous to the incident which furnishes the text for this paragraph George kept a millinery store on Grand

Street. The arc light in front of his establishment did not burn to suit him, and so he concluded that he would stir it up. He did so with a piece of picture molding, standing on an iron grating that he might the better reach the light. The picture molding was partly made of metal, and the inevitable result followed. As his death was instantaneous it was doubtless painless; but his fate, nevertheless, should serve as a warning to amateur electricians.

LAWYERS' APPEAL.

THE reputable lawyers who practice in the criminal courts of New York are making an effort to purge that branch of the profession of the "shysters" and dishonest practitioners who abound in the neighborhood of the police courts and the Court of General Sessions. The abuses by which certain lawyers and their "runners" are permitted to interfere with the reputable practitioners have long been a matter of common knowledge to judges and lawyers alike. Never before, however, has a formal complaint concerning these practices been addressed to the criminal judges and to the District Attorney, who are held to be in a large matter responsible for this state of affairs.

A lawyer has at last taken the bull by the horns and addressed a petition, signed by a dozen or so of his co-practitioners, to the Recorder and Judges of the Court of General Sessions, as well as to Colonel Fellows, the District Attorney. The petition, after reciting their grievances, prays that the officials co-operate with them in suppressing the nuisance.

CREMATION AND HYGIENE.

It is urged with vehemence by the advocates of cremation that the present way of disposing of dead bodies by burial is unhealthful and the existence of cemeteries dangerous to those living in the vicinity. In this connection it is interesting to hear the results of the researches made by Professor Wolffhugel of the University of Gottingen. As reported by the *Courier*, of Hanover, the author stated that this investigation had ended with conclusions shared by men working in the same department at Berlin, Munich and Gottingen. At all these places special examinations by competent men had been made into the claim that the existence of cemeteries is dangerous. The conclusion in all these cases was that when cemeteries were established and managed in accordance with the laws, there was absolutely no danger to the health of the neighborhood and the principles of hygiene in no way demanded the change from burial to cremation. The author demands that to each grave be given the space of two cubic meters, and that it be kept closed for thirty years, although in many cases a body becomes completely decomposed in six years. Then the cemeteries must be so situated that the lower stratum of water, even when it rises highest, must not reach the graves, in which cases drainage must be resorted to. In other respects there is no danger, as the ground absorbs everything, and not even the water which is one hundred meters from a cemetery is in any way in danger of pollution. It is simply ridiculous to claim that the air over the graves can in any way be contaminated by the bodies in these graves.

SPAIN IN CUBA.

THE gathering of so many Spanish generals in Havana—there are eleven of them now in the city—the action of the Government in pressing additional volunteers into active picket service at suburban points, the covering of strategic approaches and planting of new artillery at the city outposts, all coincident with *El Comercio's* leading editorial of recent date proposing the immediate construction of a barbed wire fence, a trench fifteen feet deep and a stone wall eight feet in height around the entire city of Havana, are taken to indicate a growing lack of confidence, even in Spanish circles, official and otherwise. Army officers have not been paid since April, and the troops have seen no money since the first part of March.

The police—military, civil and municipal—have not received a cent for more than two months, nor has the Government's promise to pay everybody in paper currency as soon as the expected emission arrives from New York and Barcelona engravers and printers been received with favor. Discontent is growing daily, and open mutiny would not be a surprise.

The order of Havana's Civil Governor, suppressing public readers in the factories, has spread discontent among the cigarmakers, many of whom are now slipping out of town at night to join the revolutionists. In Matanzas and various interior towns the streets are full of starving people, men without work, women without shelter and children crying for bread. It is a sight, and anarchy will soon reign unless there is a quick change. The Government is, in fact, growing weaker daily.

Word comes from Cienfuegos that the American citizen, Jose Lorenzo Cepero, will soon be arraigned for trial. The military authorities have withdrawn their previous charge of rebellion, and the prisoner now stands accused of incendiarism and the assassination of a Spanish physician, who is said to have been captured by Cepero at the battle of Mall Tiempo, in December

last. Cepero has neither been allowed a lawyer nor the right of summoning witnesses to rebut the charges made against him. His prompt conviction and immediate execution are believed to be a foregone conclusion.

Consul-General Lee has received a letter from G. W. Smith of Bartow, Fla., inquiring about his son, Arthur Thomas Smith, supposed to be a member of the "Competition" filibustering expedition. The father fears the young man was among those killed in attempting to land just previous to the capture of the vessel.

THE LORD HIGH STABLE-BOY.

THERE is apparently much of attraction to the true-blue Britisher in an appointment to the household of her Most Gracious Majesty, his Queen, even though the position to be filled be of a menial and degrading character. That this sentiment prevails in all classes is evident from the recent appointment of the Duke of Portland as Master of the Horse. And it is equally evident that his Lordship had nothing but the "honor" in view when he accepted the office, for to a man of his wealth the pecuniary return can mean nothing. But where the "honor" comes in is, we confess, puzzling to a healthy American mind. The same perplexity seems to possess Mr. Labouchere, too, for he comments on the appointment in *Truth* in the following terms:

"I never was a wealthy Duke; but if Providence had been pleased to call me to that state of life, I cannot conceive that I should have consented to become a Court functionary. Yet it is possible that, with the Dukedom, I should have thought and acted as a Duke; I therefore am glad that I never have been one. The Duke of Portland is, I believe, surpassing rich; consequently, the few thousands a year attached to the post cannot have led him to become Master of the Horse. A Master of the Horse is a sort of glorified stableman. His duties are to see to the royal equipages, and I suppose that he has the appointment of grooms and stable-boys. In virtue of these elevating functions, he has to attend all the solemn shams which form part and parcel of the Royal State, in a coat with much gilding on it. I can understand some Peer, sadly out at elbows, doing all this for the salary attached to it; just as a man may sweep a crossing in default of being able to get food and lodging in any other way. But it is just as strange to me that any one with more money than he can spend should be a Master of the Horse, as that he should be a crossing-sweeper. Indeed I should, I think, prefer as a matter of choice the latter, for the occupation is more independent and less servile."

Now, if this happened in corrupt and democratic America we might suspect the Duke of trying to build up a political following on the patronage that would fall to his lot. That is usually the fate of self-sacrificing patriots who assume office without any apparent necessity for the stipend it brings; but in England it is different. But, after all, why should we find fault? The Queen has a capable chief stable-boy, and is happy thereat; the Duke has received an overwhelming honor, and is duly elated; and we have neither Queen, Duke nor stable-boy extraordinary, for which Heaven be thanked. So let it rest.

ADVERTISING THAT PAYS.

OUR entertaining contemporary, London *Truth*, often devotes considerable space to matters medical. In a recent issue it says that the wickedness of professional advertising depends upon who does it. The anomalies, absurdities and mysteries of medical professional etiquette with regard to advertising are strikingly and amusingly illustrated by an action which was tried recently at Manchester assizes. Damages for libel were claimed by Dr. Kingsbury of Blackpool against a medical journal which had charged him with conduct "wholly incompatible with the honor and dignity of the profession" and held him up to "medical reprobation" for allowing himself to be advertised as the physician of two hydropathic establishments. For the plaintiff several medical witnesses expressed the opinion that he had done nothing unprofessional. For the defense several other members of the profession took the opposite view, and it was in the cross-examination of two of these gentlemen that the fun came in. The first of them was Sir Dyce Duckworth. The plaintiff's counsel put to him the fact that Sir B. W. Richardson was advertised as consulting physician of an institution in Leicestershire. Sir Dyce disapproved of this. It was then pointed out that the witness's own name and his private address appeared on the widely circulated prospectus of an insurance company to which he was consulting physician. To that Sir Dyce could see no objection. The next witness was Sir W. T. Stoker. He was asked what he thought of a physician's name and address being given in an insurance prospectus. He said he thought it was wrong. So it will be seen that Sir Dyce Duckworth condemned Sir B. W. Richardson, Sir W. T. Stoker condemned Sir Dyce Duckworth, and both agreed in condemning Dr. Kingsbury. Having impartially considered the conflicting views as to medical etiquette with which the court was thus favored, the jury came to the conclusion that Dr. Kingsbury's professional character had been unjustly assailed, and awarded him one hundred and fifty pounds damages. It has always seemed to the editor of *Truth* that there is a

good deal of humbug about the objections of the bigwigs of the medical world to advertising. Nearly all are guilty of the practice themselves in one way or another, and some are as eager for a newspaper puff as the veriest quack. What an interesting revelation there would be, for instance, if the editors of our daily contemporaries were to disclose the sources of the paragraphs which appear whenever some more or less distinguished personage is ill and the name of his doctor can be insidiously given the benefit of a little publicity! But somehow the heads of the profession have got hold of the idea that what may be right and proper on their part may be wrong and unprincipled on the part of humbler practitioners. The attacks which are made upon the latter whenever they are supposed to violate the proprieties of the profession by "advertising" will, however, be somewhat risky after this Manchester case.

LOOKS LIKE WAR.

THE news of the tenor of the Sultan's irade has been received with a unanimous cry of protest and indignation by the Greeks. The tenor of the press, outside of the Government organs at Athens, is that Turkey has led the Government to believe she is going to give a great number of privileges to the Cretans, whereas the irade does not even touch the principal grievances.

The excitement runs very high. Owing to the turn of affairs the Greek Government takes a pessimistic view, and cannot advise the Cretans to accept the Sultan's proposition that Christians should lay down their arms.

In an interview had with M. Rimiere, head of the Cretan Committee, he said the irade means that the revolt must be continued. It might last three years. Money is beginning to come in, even from the United States, he said. Several caïques full of cartridges, each caïque manned by twelve men, and carrying thirty thousand rounds of cartridges, have already gone to Crete.

Greek cartridge factories have orders from the committee for a million of cartridges, to be delivered with the utmost haste. The committee is also looking out to purchase a steamer in England or elsewhere.

Matters in Crete have assumed a very critical position. Conditions seem to be getting worse and worse, and the situation is becoming more complicated every moment.

DANGER AT SHARP CURVES.

THE danger to pedestrians in city streets through the reckless manner in which cable cars rush around sharp curves has been the subject of public protest and angry controversy in many cities of the Union. New York is furnishing one of the worst examples of this cable car peril. Cars whirl around the curve at Broadway and Fourteenth Street at a rate of speed which takes away the breath, not only of those who are endeavoring to cross the path of the juggernaut, but even of the passengers who occupy the cars. A suggestion for lessening the danger has been made by a worthy citizen of the metropolis. He proposes that a bridge be built across the street from sidewalk to sidewalk. But past experience has shown that schemes of this kind do not work. Pedestrians will not not use the bridges. The time and labor expended in ascending and descending the stairs at either end of the bridge can be saved by simply darting across the street, and that is what nine persons out of ten will do. The bridge plan, besides, can be looked at from another standpoint: Why should the municipality pay for the shortcomings of a corporation which holds from the city a franchise of immense value? Is it not the duty of the car company to devise suitable means for overcoming difficulties of this sort, and to conduct its lines in such a manner that the streets through which they pass shall not be more dangerous for pedestrians than any other streets are?

INTERCOLLEGIATE BOAT RACES.

THE College Committee, representing Columbia, Cornell, Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania, have arranged to hold their great eight-oared intercollegiate boat-races this year over the Highland-Poughkeepsie Hudson River course. The Freshman Race, which will take place on Wednesday, June 24, will cover a distance of two miles, starting from Yellow Point just above Highland on the West Shore Railroad, the crews rowing south. The University Race between these colleges will take place on Friday, June 26 over a distance of four miles, starting from Krum Elbow and running south to a point half a mile below Highland Station. The College Committee have arranged with the West Shore Road to construct an observation train of forty cars which will be in service on the days these races take place. The cars will be specially equipped and decorated with college colors, and those who are on this train will have a close and unobstructed view of the great struggle. The speed of the observation train will be so regulated that passengers will be opposite the racing crews from start to finish. The West Shore tracks run by the edge of the river, and as the course has been laid near the west bank of the Hudson, no better point of vantage to view the contests can be had than from this observation train.

Tickets will be on sale in New York, and any agent

of the West Shore Railroad, upon early application, will secure tickets for this train. Tickets will be sold at two dollars. A one-way rate from all points on the West Shore Road has been put in force.

Tickets will be sold, good going only on Wednesday, June 24, or on Friday, June 26, and will be valid on any regular train, or on the special train leaving New York at 1 P.M., which will stop en route to pick up passengers, arriving at Highland in ample time to witness the start of the races, which will take place at 5.30 P.M. on each race day. Tickets for return passage will be honored on any train leaving Highland previous to midnight of June 27.

CANNED GOODS IN THE COURTS.

AN interesting question arising out of the sale of a can of preserved salmon has been recently decided in the Supreme Court in Brooklyn, by Judge Stover, and the extent of warranty for which a dealer is liable was clearly laid down. The salmon turned out to be unwholesome and unfit for human food; and the suit was brought to recover damages, on the ground that, though there was no express warranty given by the vender, there was an implied warranty that the salmon was fit to eat. The decision was adverse to the plaintiff's claim, the Court holding that the doctrine of implied warranty had no application to the case, because the seller had no source of information or knowledge as to the condition of the canned goods which was not equally accessible to the buyer; and if the latter should desire to protect himself, he should either ask for an investigation at the time of purchase, or get an express warranty as to the quality of the goods. In rendering the decision, Judge Stover draws a distinction as to the limitations of warranty, and maintains that the mere vender of provisions, who has had nothing to do with preparing them, and who sells them in the unbroken packages in which they come into his hands, does not guarantee, by such sale, that they shall turn out to be wholesome when opened. If the vender had prepared the canned food, the case would be entirely different, and he would then be liable.

PHYSICIAN AND PATIENT.

THE mania for following English precedents has had a singular development in the Sorceress-Balaban case, recently decided in the Queens County Court, and which bore a marked resemblance, in many respects, to the Kitson-Playfair case of slander in England. In the first place the suits were based on the unprofessional conduct of the medical defendants, one point of difference, however, being that the plaintiff, in the English case, was the aggrieved party against whom the slander was uttered, while in the American case the mother of the maligned girl was the plaintiff. In both cases substantial verdicts attested the public sense of the gravity of the offense, in which the defendants, both medical men, were proven guilty of unprofessional conduct in violating the express obligation which they assumed when accepting their diplomas.

It is difficult to imagine anything more utterly discreditable to manhood than the act of a physician in communicating his suspicions or impressions of a patient's moral character to others; and when this patient is a woman, it becomes a crime. It is of little consequence that there may be grounds for the opinions expressed. It is a breach of professional confidence, and a recurrence of it cannot fail of working incalculable injury by destroying the confidential relations which should exist between a physician and his patient.

A CHANCE FOR MR. HARDY?

PERHAPS the pen of Thomas Hardy might find some promising material in the marital experiences of Dr. and Mrs. Holcombe of New York. He, it is said, is some seventy-five years old, and she considerably less than thirty. Their disparity in age, however, is but proportionate to the wide difference between their respective views of life. The doctor is devoted to science, to laborious professional research, fond of the solitude of his study and the presence of his books, while his wife favors society and attendance at the reunions of those clubs for women which are so popular to-day. The result has been that Mrs. Holcombe has gone to Europe, an artist whose acquaintance she made at some of the many social gatherings she attended has followed her, and Dr. Holcombe has begun suit for divorce. The estrangement grew gradually, the doctor says, from the time when his wife first began to be imbued with "New Woman" ideas. These she acquired at the meetings of Sorosis, and similar societies. The question is, had the lady enjoyed the same intellectual environment before her marriage that she did after, would "December and May," as the newspapers put it, have ever mated? If, with such surroundings, she would not have married as she did, then an apparent mistake, and much consequent unhappiness, had been avoided. Taking this view, should not the advanced ideas of the New Woman find favor? On the other hand, if, as the doctor claims, they but served to break up a home, and to dissolve a union that had lasted with comparative congeniality for three years, what shall we say? In fine, must we agree or disagree with the doctor in the case?

THE GRANT STATUE IN BROOKLYN.

Considerable comment of an unfavorable character has resulted from the fact that W. O. Partridge, the artist who produced the equestrian statue of General Grant, in Brooklyn, was forced, in order to secure payment for his work, to place a mechanic's lien on the statue. The critics, who are severe on Mr. Partridge, while they don't question his legal right in the premises, deplore the fact that such a stigma should be attached to any memento of the great Captain; but, at the same time, they forget that Mr. Partridge's genius, skill and study were ignored by the Union League Club, and that several thousand dollars promised to him were not alone not paid to him, but because of the failure of the Club to collect that amount no guarantee of its ultimate payment was offered. It is a question between sentiment and hard fact, and while the former means simply the ordinary amount of gush, the latter stands for six thousand dollars. That is where the difference comes in.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND SPEAKS.

On the eve of McKinley's nomination at St. Louis the following statement was given out by President Cleveland:

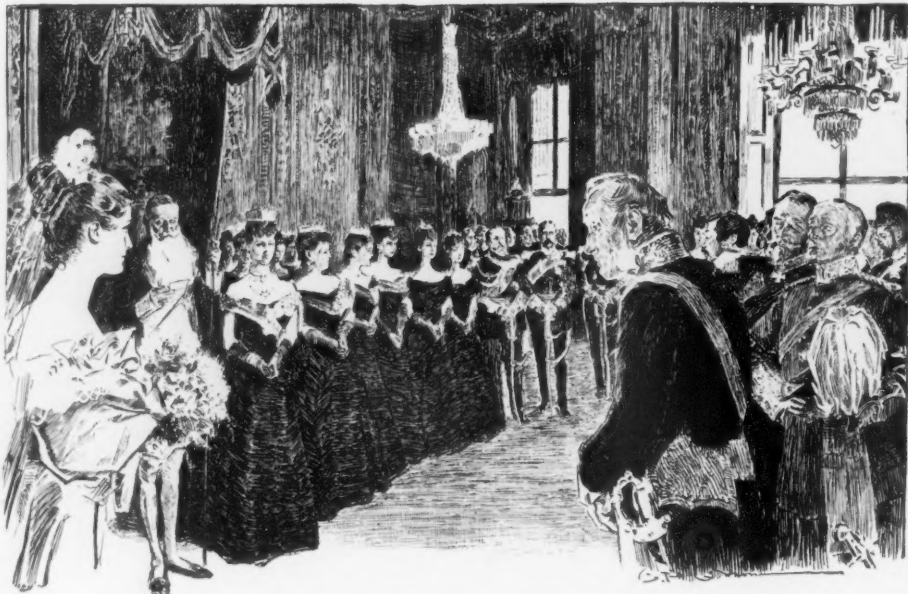
"I have made no figures as to the probable action of delegates, already chosen or to be chosen, to the Democratic National Convention, but I refuse to believe that when the time arrives for deliberate action there will be engrafted upon our Democratic creed a demand for the free, unlimited and independent coinage of silver.

"I cannot believe this, because I know the Democratic party is neither unpatriotic nor foolish, and because it seems so clear to me that such a course will inflict a very great injury upon every interest of our country which it has been the mission of Democracy to advance, and will result in lasting disaster to our party organization.

"There is little hope that as a means of success this free silver proposition, after its thorough discussion during a political campaign, will attract a majority of the voters of the country.

"It must be that many of the illusions influencing those now relying upon this alleged panacea for their ills will be dispelled before the time comes for them to cast their ballots, which will express their sober second thoughts.

"The adoption by the Democracy of this proposition would, I believe, give to our opponents an advantage



AN AMERICAN ARTIST'S IDEA OF A DRAWING-ROOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

DRAWN BY C. DANA GIBSON.

both in the present and future which they do not deserve. My attachment to true Democracy is so strong that I consider its success as identical with the promotion of the country's good.

"This ought sufficiently to account for my anxiety that no mistake be made at our party convention. In my opinion, no effort should be spared to secure such action of the delegates as will avert party demoralization.

"It is a place for consultation and comparison of views, and those Democrats who believe in the cause of sound money should there be heard and be constantly in evidence.

"A cause worth fighting for is worth fighting for to the end. If sound money Democrats suppose there is danger of a mistake being made, such danger should stimulate their activity in averting it, instead of creating discouragement.

"I am very far from arrogating to myself a controlling influence upon the policy of my party; but, as an unflinching Democrat who has been honored by his party and who desires hereafter no greater political privilege than to occupy the place of private in its ranks, I hope I may not be blamed for saying thus much at this time, in the interest, as it seems to me, of the grand old organization, so rich in honorable traditions, so justly proud of its achievements, and always so undaunted and brave in its battles for the people's welfare."

THE RIGHT PLAN.

The "official dog-catcher" has long been a greater nuisance in towns and cities where he is tolerated than the derelict dogs which are the objects of his search. At Montclair, N. J., they have detected one of these fellows, who, not being able to find a sufficient number of wandering canines, resorted to the practice of enticing respectable dogs from the privacy of their owner's premises, and then offering to restore them at so much per head. His official opportunities for blackmailing, however, have come to an end. In Australian cities dog-catching is well managed. If the owner appears on the scene, the catchers will politely take the captured pet from the wagon, and restore him, free of charge.

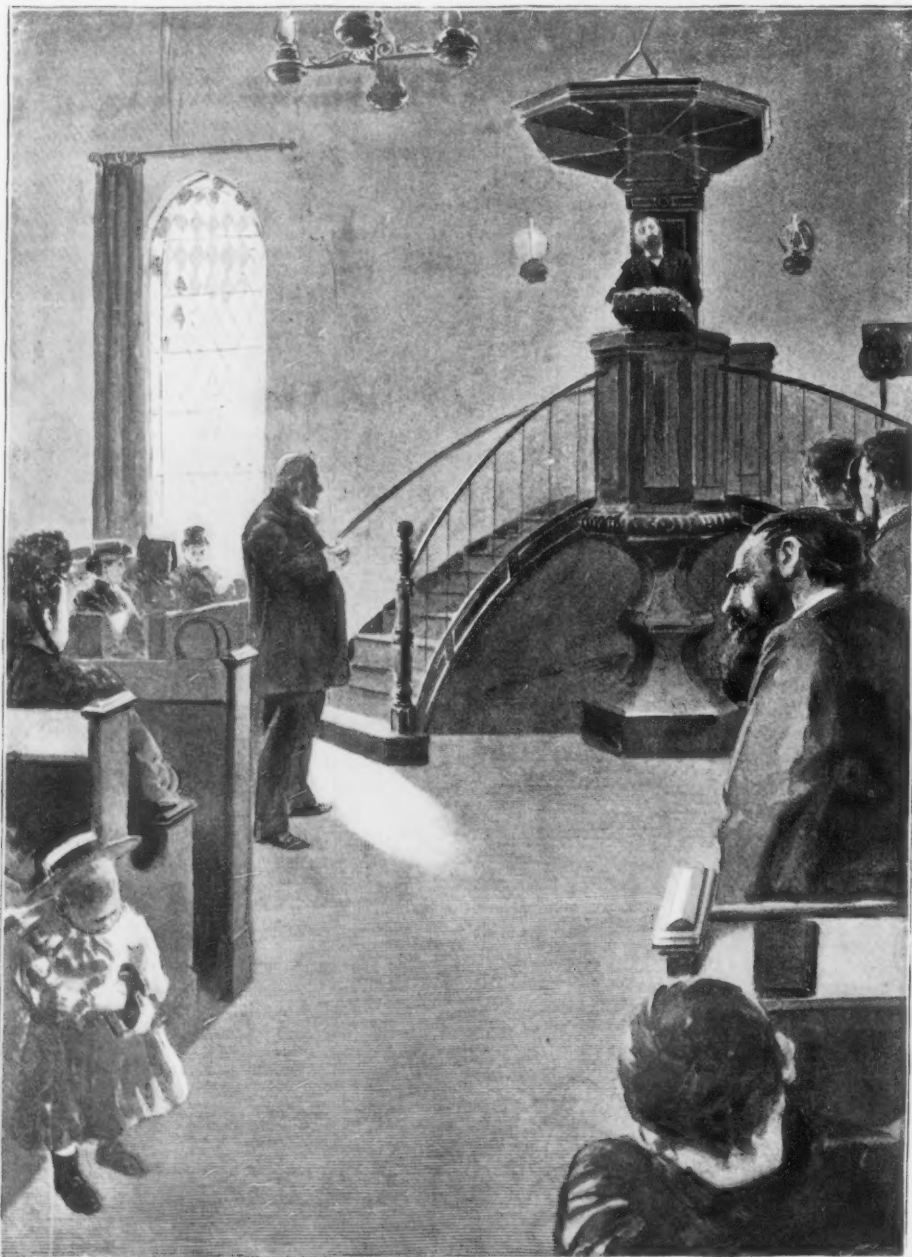
JOKEFUL, SHOTFUL.

Cyrus Rubright, the owner of a cherry orchard at Greensburg, Pa., was aggrieved at the havoc wrought among his trees by birds. Josiah Martz, a joke-loving neighbor, climbed into a tall, leafy tree, and employed his talent for mimicry in warbling like an aviary. The imitation was so excellent that Rubright sought his shotgun, and brought Martz to earth with no less than sixty-seven punctures in his back. Music never had charms for Rubright; it no longer has any for Martz.

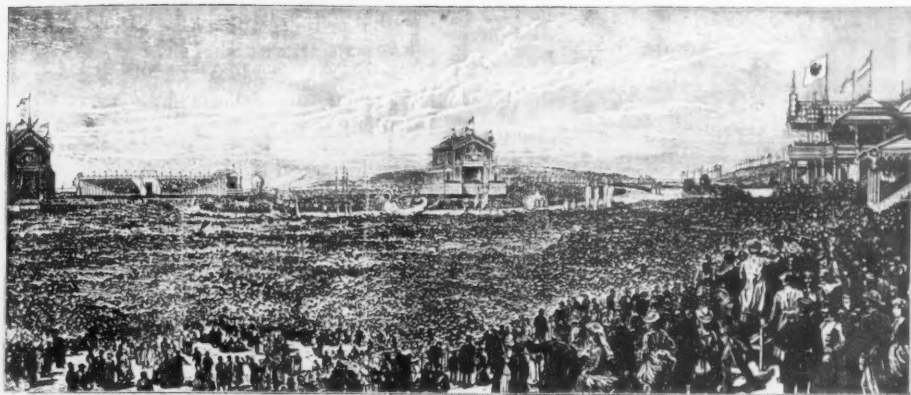
THE MOSCOW DISASTER.

The coronation of Nicholas II. of Russia will be memorable for producing one of the most terrible catastrophes in history. Ghastly indeed is the story of the popular fete on the Khodinsky Plain converted into a death-trap with its thousands of victims. It is easy enough to be wise after the event, yet nobody can deny that the whole arrangements positively courted disaster. The plain itself, of which we present an illustration, was a sloping field with ditches, holes and disused wells as very pitfalls; the booths containing the presents were so arranged as to check passage between, and, finally, the police precautions were shamefully inadequate. To many of the ignorant peasants who had crowded into Moscow from all parts of the Empire, and had only caught glimpses of the coronation glories, this popular fete was the great event of the festivities. Beer, honey, and different viands were to be had for the asking, the coronation gifts of a memorial mug, printed handkerchief and sweets, would be treasured as heirlooms or sold at good profit, and jollity of all kinds could be enjoyed. Small wonder that the crowd was thrice as great as expected, and that thousands slept all night on the ground to be sure of their prizes. Hours before the fete should have begun the crowds were pressing toward the booths till a fearful crush ensued. The police not having arrived so early, the alarmed officials in the booths threw out the presents in the hopes of stopping the crush; but they only made it worse.

As the throngs at the back began to fear that nothing would be left, they pushed forward till panic set in, people fell down to be trampled under foot, or were wedged into the narrow spaces between the booths, and the excited mob became a mass of dead and dying. Probably some two thousand persons perished on the spot, besides those who crawled away and died on the



PRESIDENT KRUEGER'S DEVOTIONS.



FETE ON THE KHODINSKY PLAIN—THE SCENE OF THE GREAT DISASTER AT MOSCOW.
Illustrated London News.

road, while many of the twelve hundred in hospital are not expected to survive. The dead were carted away in haste to the Wagankovsky churchyard, where for two days despairing relatives were seeking the lost ones, most corpses being so disfigured and stripped of clothing that identification was almost impossible. Coffins were hastily put together, and the majority of the victims were interred wholesale in huge trenches with scant funeral rites.

At first the disaster was kept so quiet that Moscow knew little of it, and the later programme of the popular fete was gone through, the Czar and Czarina receiving the homage of the people on the very scene of the tragedy. Then the story leaked out, to the general horror, no one being more affected than the Czar and Czarina. They immediately ordered a Requiem Mass to be said for the victims in the Kremlin, attending themselves with the Court, and later went the round of the hospitals to see the wounded, speaking to each sufferer. The Czar intends to compensate every bereaved family, and all possible amends will be made, but the catastrophe has cast a deep shadow over the national rejoicing.

MCKINLEY AT ST. LOUIS.

THE author of the McKinley Law has been called up higher. The practically unanimous choice of the Ohio statesman at St. Louis, with scarcely the semblance of a contest, means that the Republican party is terribly in earnest. Even the silver men, who walked out of the convention, found it necessary to disclaim any opposition, and to have done so without prejudice to the great protectionist chieftain. The astounding reversal by the people in 1892 meant a rebuke of McKinley, the like of which no creative statesman in our history ever endured; when the present year of politics rolled round, the people seemed to have bowed their acknowledgment of error, and of course McKinley was not only the logical candidate but the specific candidate whose name stood for the old order of prosperity to which less favorable conditions had succeeded.

This is far from being a personal tribute, either, to this thoroughly genuine American, and altogether spotless personality, who has not an enemy in the world that knows him as he is. The choice of the St. Louis convention was based on a total disregard of the personal. Indeed, it is strictly within the facts to say that the Republican delegates were present to call back McKinleyism, at what they regarded as the command of the people. They told themselves that they were there to get back the old days of prosperity, when there was no talk of American credit or coinage or national obligations—to do the will of the people as they interpreted it—to look only to the statesman on whose great and useful work the people had mistakenly placed the heavy ban of their disapproval. They forgot Speaker Reed, the champion of the party in the parliamentary battle—the first in our history—in which he compelled the action of the minority and succeeded in passing important partisan legislation for the strengthening of the Republican party. It was not favorites or champions they were looking for. It was the old days they aimed to bring back.

In this connection it must be noted that an extraordinary tribute of personal affection was implied in the nomination of McKinley; that, unconsciously, this formed a strong undercurrent in the proceedings, in so far as the action of the convention was a strictly Republican proceeding. A painstaking and conscientious statesman, worthy of that honorable name, had seen the work of his life scorned and trampled on almost before it could show what it contained of good for all the States and all the people. What must have been his feelings during this short but painful interregnum of un-American tendencies! Yet he was the one uncompromising Republican leader. He knew he was right, and that the people could be trusted; yet he must have felt the overwhelming condemnation showered upon him in the elections of 1890 and 1892. The old Buckeye State stood by him, and the other great agricultural and manufacturing States soon followed. The right and the truth prevailed at length, and now he stands as the full and unquestioned representative of the American System, that is probably on trial for the last time in this year's national elections.

The platform upon which McKinley and Hobart stand is itself based upon the idea, the national aspiration, that we must get those good old days back again, before we closed our workshops, and then began to dispute with Europe about our coinage and securities—occasionally asking the favor of a few hundred millions from our foreign rivals to tide us over until we could sell something that would leave a balance in the house. This is the central idea. But, then, there is the financial

and the monetary tangle that our foolish surrender of the American System has raised. That tangle had to be unraveled in the Republican platform—in so far as a platform can do it, and that is not very far. The "gold plank" is said to have been wrested from the McKinley forces by Messrs. Platt and Lodge, representing the Boston and New York money centers. But that plank is a victory for sound money. It is coupled with the implied declaration that the currency shall not be contracted, and with the strictly and partisanly silver declaration that the Republican party will do all in its power to make bimetalism possible.

This journal, alone among all the American newspapers and periodicals, has continued to point out that prosperity must go before, that the protective system must come first, and then Europe will question neither our coinage nor our securities. On the whole, the country is to be congratulated, not only on the square issue involved in McKinley's nomination, but in this square declaration that all that can be done to restore bimetalism will be done. No intelligent citizen can ask for more. When prosperity returns, silver, bimetalism, protection and gold will run harmoniously together as they did before. The American System will stand out prominently as the great triumph of the century. There will be no more borrowing to save the national credit. This is the only issue involved in the contest of 1896.

THE WHITNEY BOOM.

William C. Whitney, who had taken passage on the "Teutonic," which sailed for Europe June 17, concluded not to go. "I decided late last night to remain at home and go to the convention at Chicago. I do not think that I can help matters much, but I have yielded to the requests of many friends who have been at me for several weeks to be present when the convention meets. All this muddle that the party has got into over the silver question may, in my opinion, result in its entire disruption, and if I can be of assistance to those who were instrumental in helping to reform matters in 1892, I shall be glad to do so."

"It is true that I had not, up to last night, expected to attend the convention at all, or in fact have anything to do with it, and my sudden change of plans is only the result of my determination to yield to the wishes of my friends. Nothing said by Mr. Cleveland has influenced me, as I have not heard from him directly or indirectly. His renomination is, to my mind, impossible. Nobody

can tell what will take place under present conditions. If I can help matters by conferring with those associated with me in the movement instituted four years ago, I am willing to make the attempt, although I cannot tell now what I can do."

The last time Mr. Whitney spoke for publication was in February—a note of which was made in these columns at the time. This is what Mr. Whitney said at that time: "I am a believer in gold and silver as the metallic basis of values and of the world's currency, and I am confident that within a time not far distant there will be a concurrence of the nations upon that subject by which the ratios of value of the two metals for the coinage and currency purposes will be fixed and the stability of such values maintained by an international agreement. I am aware this view is looked upon as financial heresy by some and as visionary by others. But such persons must be themselves ignorant of the latest developments of scientific thought upon this subject and the rapid advancement this view is making where heretofore it has had little support. Until that occurs I believe that any action by the United States alone would be disastrous to us, would bring general ruin to our present prosperity and would hinder the true and final solution of the problem."

HENRY WATTERSON.

The London *Chronicle* last week had an interview with Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, on the Presidential situation. "If the Republicans come in," said he, "they will find themselves as little able to settle questions as the Democrats have been in the last three years. For the moment, the Democrats seem to have gone to pieces; but when the offices are distributed next year, and the battle and resentments begin, and the Republicans go to pieces, then there will be a complete redistribution of party force and there will be a great and conclusive contest in 1900 between sound and unsound theories of government and finance. The coming general election will be largely a struggle for the offices."

WHAT COUSINS ARE SAYING.

On the eve of the nomination at St. Louis the English press spoke out. The London *Times*, commenting upon the statements made by its New York correspondent, said: "If the news that Mr. Hanna has accepted Senator Lodge's resolution be true, the battle for gold has been won. The decision has come with dramatic suddenness. A great victory has been won, the interests of the country have prevailed, and the Republican party has been saved from an act of political cowardice pregnant with financial disaster."

Of Mr. Platt's part in the turn of affairs the *Times* said that within three days he had changed the fortunes of his own section and the policy of the Republican party.

The *Globe* said: "We have no reason to suppose that McKinley is a less ardent protectionist than formerly, and his election to the Presidency would undoubtedly be a serious misfortune to British commerce. He has a plausible reason for reimposing the tariff which President Cleveland toned down. The revenue of the United States no longer equals the expenditures and recurring deficits are as much the rule as recurring surpluses used to be. Nor is there much room for retrenchment except in the monstrously inflated and scandalously jobbed pension list, and it is not in the least likely that McKinley will apply the knife to that upas tree. Pensions are the most convenient reward for election services. Even President Cleveland shirked overhauling the list with a view of placing it upon a less corrupt footing. That method of retrenchment being impracticable until political virtue is more robust, McKinley will be able to urge a strongly protective tariff as absolutely necessary to stave off bankruptcy."



THE CROWD STRUGGLING IN THE KHODINSKY PLAIN FOR THE CZAR'S SOUVENIRS.

LIFE ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE EMPIRE CITY.

ROMEO, JULIET, AND THEIR PARENTS.

THE Montagues and Capulets in this particular instance were humble dwellers in a tenement-house on the East Side of Gotham. In these early days flats had not yet been called into existence, so the two families lived on one landing, on the fourth floor from the basement. Two doors abutted on the landing, each being to the entrance to a room about fourteen feet square. A balcony of strong ironwork across two windows looking into the street was the happy hunting-ground of Romeo and Juliet during the second year of their existence; and here, on fine days, when their mothers were busy with the family washing, they were each respectively tied by means of a stout woolen shawl apiece. There had been no former family feuds between the two honest couples, who shared each other's pleasures, and wept each other's tears. Picture to yourselves, ye dwellers in the millionaire quarter, in princely mansions, with a palatial country-seat up the Hudson, on the shores of Lake Champlain, or amid the leafy recesses near the Catskill Mountains, with a cottage at Newport, a yacht wherewith to enjoy the ocean breezes, and all the other appendages of wealth—picture to yourselves what it is to live, to dwell, to breathe, to exist, in one room on the East Side. And yet, to love this little spot the dearest in all the world. To consecrate it with the magic word Home. And home it was to the Ladies Capulet and Montague, in this humble walk of life. And, dearer and more to be desired than the everlasting dependence on the will of others, in the daily routine of domestic service. Here the question never was mooted: "Is marriage a failure?" That it was an unspeakable blessing was a foregone conclusion with these toilers for their daily bread.

With youth and health and strength and energy, they looked hopefully into the future, with courageous hearts, which never knew despair. With Spartan firmness, they faced every reverse of fortune, thankful for such blessings as yet remained. The heads of the two houses were daily laborers, and many a proud and stately building owed its existence to the hods of mortar lifted on their stalwart shoulders. How the two wives worked, or rather slaved, from morning till night, could never be told in these pages. Their heroism was comparable to that of the early Christian martyrs, only, instead of being "butchered to make a Roman holiday" in the Coliseum, they lived and flourished like brave women. Valiant women of the people, your history has yet to be written!

Take one instance of daily, hourly occurrence, from the early morning breakfast of bread and coffee at half-past five A.M., on through the succeeding hours of the day. The multitudinous duties to be performed by one pair of hands; the small economies practiced to save every cent; the exertions of the frugal housewife who makes and bakes her own bread as being so much less expensive, and also, as she knows by experience, "goes further" than baker's bread; the big dinner on Sunday, where all her skill as a professed cook is put forth, in a roast joint, vegetables and pastry, all to do honor to "me husband" on the one day out of the seven in which she has him altogether to herself. How proud she is of him, this valiant woman, who has knitted his socks, made and mended his garments, and been critical as to the proper amount of stiffening in his collars and cuffs. In a word, she loves him, and by every means in her power proves the Ministering Angel.

When he sets off for his work on Monday morning, like a lion refreshed, because of this one day's cessation of labor, she, the partner of his life, heads for a big laundry tub, and if the baby is only obliging enough not to wake up for a few hours, she has time, by close application, to hang out the bleach on the lines over the back yard. She knows by experience this cannot be deferred, as an Italian organ will presently grind out, "I Dream that I Dwell in Marble Halls," and the dreaming babe will re-echo the sentiment in one loud Wa-a-a, followed by a roll to the floor, and a general rumbling as of a miniature earthquake.

But all suicidal attempts are forgiven this mite of humanity because he is now in the painful throes of cutting his teeth. During these hours of agony he is caressed and petted unceasingly, and in the long weary vigil of the small and early hours before the dawn she marches up and down with slippers feet, to soothe him to sleep. And this not once in a life, for one baby, but all through the whole series of teeth for half a dozen little ones. No wonder, then, the silver threads among the gold or raven locks, as the case may be, are conspicuous by their presence, at a very early age. It is to such a woman the full meaning of a friend in need has its best and truest signification. One similarly circumstanced, knowing the ways of men and babies; one being just as unreasonable and unmanageable as the other at times. It requires a serene disposition to keep one's temper unruffled in a small apartment in a tenement-house, after a hard day's work, with the thermometer one hundred and four degrees in the shade; yet this is the test to which many an honest couple are put in this vast metropolis. Wise is she who at such a time possesses her soul in patience, forgets to "answer back," or else replies in that sweet low voice, in a soft answer which turns away wrath.

The evolution from one room to a flat, and from thence to the superlative comfort of a cottage, is often a long and toilsome ascent in the social scale. But it's bound to come, sure as night follows day, to a thrifty pair. Not alone were the Ladies Montague and Capulet of the East Side perfect specimens of a thrifty housewife such as I have described, but to their other accomplishments must be added a practical knowledge of medicine. Where in more favored households as regards worldly wealth the doctor is a frequent visitor, they knew to a nicety the exact amount of castor oil to stave off an infantile attack of illness, or when a mustard bath would prevent pneumonia; the best remedy for croup, that most awful and sudden of infant ailments. When any very desperate symptom appeared they put their heads together and concocted a new and untried remedy which proved so beneficial that, without knowing it,

they made a new discovery unknown to the faculty. They regularly played into each other's hands, in the way of helping each other over a day's work, whether of keeping house, minding the little ones, or laundry work, doing marketing or shopping on bargain days, when the usual "sacrifices at and under cost price" were advertised. Theirs, too, was the first idea of saving money every week, be it ever so little. It was only ten cents to begin with, in an old cup on the top of the dresser, the cup having lost its handle with all the honors of war, by a fall from the battlefield of the table. The next deposit was twenty-five cents, and so on to half a dollar and silver dollar—the cup being filled to repletion in course of time, and the dresser being none of the steadiest on its feet. The next deposit was in the savings bank, where each of the cup-bearers, with their separate deposits, opened an account in their separate names.

All this unknown to "the men." The savings in the cup became, in a way, almost as historical as the first ten cents of Jay Gould and the first half-crown of the Rothschilds. In course of time, not exceeding the space of a few years, it led to no less than a wooden cottage on a half-acre of ground. It was a supreme moment in the history of these Montagues and Capulets when they moved out, bag and baggage, and left the tenement-house forever. Romeo and Juliet had long since outgrown the plaid shawl era, and were well able to trot around on their own account, and watch over the present occupant of the shawl.

The wooden cottages were quite contiguous to each other; a large old elm tree on the Montague plot extended its pensile umbrage to the Capulet demesne. It was like going into another planet, this exodus from the crowded tenement out into the fresh country air, where green fields and trees, at a short distance, refreshed the vision, and where all the labors hitherto carried on in the narrow compressed space described now went forward beneath the blue canopy of heaven. The gardens were cultivated, creeping plants hung to the wooden partitions, wisteria, honeysuckle, woodbine and ivy mingled with the red leaves of the Virginia creeper, in the beautiful days of the Indian Summer, that lovely autumn season which is such a delightful trait in our climate. Vegetables were grown, and fowls were fed, which added not a little to the family income. And though at first it was hard work to dig and delve after the fatigues of the day, the feeling soon wore off, and was more than amply repaid by the produce; such a small cost in flower and vegetable brought an abundant return.

The wooden cottages, needless to say, were of the simplest and most unpretending kind; but as the plot of ground was paid for by installments, it gradually became fee simple, and with this acquisition that all improvements were for the benefit of the holders. So it came to pass during the summer months, holiday seekers in search of complete rest and quiet came out from New York, and, being attracted by the neat appearance of the cottages, became boarders first for the summer, and then all the year round. For this was in the early days of housekeeping, when five dollars a week was a matter of deep consideration.

But the subsequent career of the Montagues and Capulets was one of those series of sudden and phenomenal successes such as the New World alone can produce. The men who began by carrying mortar became overseers, started a horse and cart of their own, and took to fulfilling contracts on their own behalf. The two wooden shanties in the green fields were submerged in rows of houses of substantial brick and mortar; streets and trolley cars and sky-scrapers arose with a rapidity only to be compared to the springing up of a harvest of mushrooms in a single night, so that people who came one summer to behold the country found on their return in the short space of a year quite a forest of houses. The locality went up with a rush, and so did the fortunes of our heroes.

Romeo and Juliet were now going to school, to colleges not far distant, for which they set out every morning together and parted only at the cross-roads where their different ways diverged. The whole world seemed a beautiful dream to them, as it ever is

"In that first budding spring of youth
When all its prospects please."

The parents still regarded them as mere children. Quite heedless of the flight of time, they scarcely realized the growth of the tall olive branches, until one day they were discovered coming home from school rather later than usual, quite lovingly arm in arm. This led to explanations—in love; a mere boy and girl. Why, in ten years' time there might be some reason in it; but now it must be put a stop to. It was.

The parents who had worked so hard in early life were smart and intelligent, though "no scholars." The three R's comprised the extent of their literary knowledge. But it was enough to start them in a store in joint partnership, where they, as the phrase goes, "coined money," as the neighborhood became more and more populated. But now, with altered circumstances and splendid homes, and wealth beyond what they could ever have possibly dreamed of, other hopes were awakened, other ideas cherished. The old people determined that their posterity should have every educational advantage, denied to themselves; and so it happened. There was only one thing more to be desired—foreign travel. And now here was a powerful motive to further the scheme. What use has it ever been to preach down a daughter's heart at sixteen? or ask Romeo of seventeen the advisability of deferring matrimony say for five or ten years? Ten years at seventeen!—the mere and yellow leaf of twenty-seven! It's only cruel and hard-hearted people who never were in love themselves could suggest such a sacrifice, such an alarming waste of time and happiness. Sweet sixteen and seventeen, with all the glamour of youth, in the rosy dawn of hope expectant. Who is it who has not been a dreamer of strange dreams in those days? But the love's young dream of our Romeo and Juliet was only dispelled by the stern reality of separation. Cruel, wasn't it? An ocean voyage across the vasty deep, with Miss Juliet and Madame Capulet a-waving their snowy kerchiefs in a last good-bye to the group who had come to see them off. Happily Romeo was not among them, as there is no knowing what deed of dar-

ing he might not have essayed in the line of swimming out into the deep, like Leander across the Hellespont. Everything was so quietly arranged, trunks packed and carried on board a day in advance, no leavetaking at home, the most ordinary of morning rides in the trolley to New York, down to the ferry, and then a going on board the big Atlantic liner, "just to see some friends who were going away"—and the deed was done.

The next five years Juliet spent at Versailles in one of those educational convents for which France is so famous. Here among scions of noble houses, where the bluest blood in Europe was to be found, the palm for grace and beauty was carried off, by universal consent, by "La belle Americaine." She was lovely as a dream; she was clever, spirituelle, amiable—all that the most fastidious taste could admire. And, to reach the climax, in one word, she was, she was an American. And all understood the magic of that word: "Parce que tout arrive en Amerique." She was, then, the representative, and a very lovely specimen, too, of the wealth and beauty of our great country. The genus homo was not forever excluded from the convent walls, seeing that "nos peres et nos freres et tous les autres" had to be invited to receptions, professions, prize days and other entertainments from which they could not be excluded. "That American girl" was the observed of all observers, the magnet that attracted the attention of Gunther, and Ildephonse, and Louis, and all the rest. She was prized as something brought from afar off, and likely any moment to return to those distant regions from whence she came, unless an effort were made to stay her flight. There was only one way this could be done—marriage. So among the stately and titled dames who came to the grand old cloister more than one longed to call her daughter-in-law—"Ma belle fille," as they so sweetly put it.

But Juliet's thoughts wandered across the ocean blue, to the Romeo of earlier days, and she longed to know if he were still true to her. If the something he said at the gate were really still in his memory, the strength of these wondrous attachments which often survive so many wrecks. And Romeo proved true. In the first moments of despair, when Juliet was gone, really and truly gone—whether he could not follow—a sort of blank, dumb hopelessness fell over him. He'd have gone to sea, or out West, or enlisted in the hope of being sent out on a raid against the Apaches or some other of the warlike tribes, to quell some of the war dances in some of the Indian reservations, on the borderland of some of the Territories. But no such luck, as he termed it, was in store for him; he didn't get a chance to make his escape. Besides, he had nothing to complain of; he had everything his heart could desire—but his sweetheart. But all things without her were but a cold and cruel mockery. Sweet seventeen! How he consoled himself some months later, by the study of engineering; how he became an expert in mining and went out prospecting for gold in California, "struck oil" and became one of the partners in a mine, and in a few years one of the wealthiest young men in the district—all came to pass in quick succession. And la belle Americaine left the land of France, a regular princess in manner and appearance. She bestowed her hand and heart on Romeo, the hero of her early days—in Poverty Flat, the East Side tenement-house.

ALL THINGS TO HER WHO WAITS.

The irony of fate forms a strong leaven in the story which comes from Kansas about the luck of Mrs. H. H. Leonard. While engaged in the task of searching among a lot of old letters she discovered that her brother had deposited in a Trenton (Tenn.) bank, in 1863, ten thousand dollars. Not long afterward he was killed in the Civil War. Inquiries elicited the fact that the bank was still in existence, and had sought the depositor's heirs in vain. In this story we have first the tragic fate of the man who owned the money, and then the ill-starred career of Mrs. Leonard's husband, who, having only last fall secured a divorce from her to enable him to marry another woman, was murdered within two months of his second marriage. Mrs. Leonard, since the loss of her husband by divorce, has been obliged to adopt the arduous profession of a washwoman. Now she alone, of all the parties concerned, comes out ahead!

THE CHINESE WARRIOR.

Why has it occurred to no one that the fulsome eulogies we delight to bestow upon the Japanese victors in the late war with China were rather overdone? The most casual student of the story of that war must acknowledge, in simple accordance with facts, that the Japanese had simply a walkover. There was absolutely no test of their fighting qualities during any part of the affair, because the Chinese invariably either ran away, or, through lack of convenient opportunities for so ending the "battles," just lay down to be killed or captured. The occurrence in New York of a burglary at the laundry of Wah Lee, an exile from the Flowery Kingdom, and the incidental behavior of Wah Lee himself and his craven assistants, ought to convince the Japanophile—if the word may be coined—of the absurdity of glorifying any one who vanquishes the Celestial in a game of war. Three robbers broke into Wah Lee's laundry at one o'clock A.M. The average white man would very likely have been asleep at that hour, and consequently an easier prey. But not so with the Chinamen. There were three of them, wide awake and hard at work. When the attacking party had entered, Wah was promptly floored with a hot flat-iron, while his two compatriots, big with discretion, fled into an inner room and scrambled hastily under the bed, elbowing each other fiercely, with an utter disregard of etiquette, in the search for safety. It is not recorded that they left their pigtailed protruding, but probably they did. The invaders indemnified themselves with a war tribute of seventy dollars drawn from Wah Lee's treasury.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

THE PSYCHIC WONDER OF THE AGE.

THE cable has told us something of the extraordinary sensation created in Paris by Mdle. Henriette Couédon, the "voyante," or "seer," who has been agitating the French capital with her supposedly inspired utterances.

The following story, derived from a letter sent to Ireland by an Irish lady resident in Paris, gives a most circumstantial and graphic account of the personality and performances of this strange Frenchwoman.

The first news of Mdle. Couédon was a report that in one of the Faubourgs of Paris dwelt a young girl who, through the fact of her being in communion with the Angel Gabriel, who had invested her with supernatural powers, was charged with a mission of prophecy and warning to her country.

But the gay Parisians laughed at the tale—they lived, they said, in an age of realism, an age when mysteries and wonders that used to defy the comprehension of their forefathers were easily explained away. Of course, it was easy to assume an air of contemptuous incredulity, and dismiss the whole matter as one not worthy of further thought.

They had to admit, however, that Mdle. Couédon had certain characteristics which clearly distinguished her from the ordinary *clairvoyante*. She did not sell her predictions; and, furthermore, she did not seek notoriety. She was the daughter of respectable and worthy parents resident in the Rue de Paradis, people who made their living in the ordinary walks of commercial life. What, indeed, could be less mystical and more prosaic than were all the circumstances which surrounded her daily life? Who so little likely to be a candidate for fame, or to achieve it?

And so, while the wonder grew, Paris, impressed by the fact that many citizens of undoubted social standing and personal repute had come boldly forth and testified to the strange accuracy of Mdle. Couédon's accounts of their characters, their pasts, and their futures, suddenly awoke to the realization that she must indeed be a woman of no ordinary type.

Thus the thing went on, until practically the whole city sought out the Rue de Paradis. The *royante*, the *visionnaire*, had become an object of universal interest. At last the crowds that besieged the residence of the Couédon family, seeking audience from the lady, grew so large and importunate that the police had to intervene, in the interests of traffic. The whole quarter was blocked by carriages and pedestrians. M. Couédon then, to preserve some degree of order, devised a register upon which visitors had to record their names, and be given a definite appointment for an interview. The arrangement was, that the fifty people first on the list should have a reception upon the following day, the next fifty upon the day after, and so on. How great was the number of visitors will be realized when it is stated that those who came to sign the register on the afternoon of the second day found that they had no chance of being received until a period of six weeks had intervened.

Eminent doctors, learned in the five faculties—literature, science, theology, medicine, and jurisprudence—have devoted their best attention to the examination of all the facts, with a view to the solution of the mystery; and, in addition to scientific investigation, theorists innumerable have gratuitously offered their services. While the men of science have simply said that the case was one which baffled their knowledge and ingenuity, a few non-professional wisacres proclaim *la royante* to be a mere *farceuse*. Yet an infinitely greater number devoutly believe that she is a celestial messenger, a being uniting the land of shadow with the world we live in. To others she appears as a victim of hysteria, or as a case of mental aberration. There are also opinions which pronounce it "clairvoyance," or second sight; and hypnotism has also been suggested. Yet one and all agree that it is a case of wondrous interest. Even the greatest skeptics, after an interview with *la royante*, confess that she has certainly the faculty—let it be derived from whence it may—of telling, not alone the past history of her visitors, but of predicting, with a truthfulness that a brief lapse of time has always demonstrated, what will befall them.

The full story of this curious if not unique case is told in detail in the letter from which these facts are derived.

On the 16th of October, 1872, Mdle. Henriette Couédon was born in Paris. As a child she was not in any way specially remarkable, being of the common order of young, healthy, sensible girls.

When twenty-two years of age, upon August 5, 1894, she fell into a trance, which was, however, only of some hours' duration. Her parents regarded it as an ordinary fainting fit, until, upon that day year, the 5th of August, 1895, at precisely the same hour, she had a similar attack; much more serious, however, for she broke into prophecy, and told her father, besides, many incidents of his past life which, he could have sworn, were known only to himself. After a few days she declared that the Angel Gabriel had appeared to her, saying that she had been chosen as a medium by which men were to be warned of the dangers that menaced them, and that she was to foretell the approaching end of the Republic, and the return of a King to France. In the pursuit of her mission, however, she must be ready to endure infinite contumely, and to expect great persecution. Yet her reward was to be in full proportion to her sufferings, should she prove worthy of her mission, and carry out faithfully the task assigned her.

As to her personal appearance, she is described as not remarkable. In height but medium, her figure is well proportioned, her complexion brunette, her hair of a deep brown hue, and her eyes—the most striking feature—of a peculiar changing blue, unusually brilliant, and in their expression searching and unfathomable.

Her manner of receiving the public is to hold public and private audiences. The former are given twice a week, and to them come clergymen and men of science, grave lawyers, and others who have devoted their closest attention to the phenomenon. At these receptions she utters predictions upon matters of universal public import. Naturally, at such times the audience do not ask *la royante* to tell them about themselves, lest

she reveal things which they have no desire should be discussed in public.

Whether in public or in private, however, Mdle. Couédon adopts similar methods. She seats herself opposite the visitor, and enters into converse such as one might expect upon the occasion of an ordinary social call. Meanwhile she waits for some inspiration from the Angel Gabriel as to whether he desires to communicate with you. First of all you are told that your questions must be addressed to the Angel, and not to her. She impresses upon you that she is merely a medium of communication, and that as an individual her identity is merged. Unconscious of all, she remains passive while the Angel speaks.

If the Angel desires communion with you, the face of *la royante* is suffused with a dull red color. Her eyelids droop until only a narrow margin of white is visible. Then, after a short silence, the words of the Angel proceed from her lips. She is now in a state of ecstasy, her voice changes, and has a certain measured, harmonious tone, and her words are spoken in verse. First come general observations on your character and occupations, then more definite statements about your past life, and then the voice touches on your future. Good Christian counsels are intermixed with these statements from time to time, and the voice exhorts you to prayer and charity. Next you put what questions you wish to have answered. Finally, the audience over, the eyes of the seer open, and she resumes whatever subject you were discussing with her before the interruption of the voice.



MDLE. COUÉDON.

Among other portentous predictions, she foretells of a general European war. All nations will participate in it. France and England, however, will suffer most—England on account of her unjust usurpations, France because her people have been wicked. While she is doomed to lose half her territory, France will recover Lorraine. Yet the other of her two lost provinces—Alsace—will never come back. The Republic will sink into oblivion, and the Kings will resume their sway. There was great speculation about the identity of the coming King. He is to appear at the most critical moment in the history of the land, arriving from the frozen regions of the north. He will be called Henri V., which made people think that the prophecy referred to Prince Henry of Orleans. But this theory was dispelled by the voice of the Angel, which said that the King was to be a Bourbon. Neither will he descend from Louis XVI., which destroys the romance that the boy Louis XVII. did not really die in prison, but had escaped into exile, and left descendants. Another older, and even more favorite, legend has gotten a new lease of life on the strength of the Angel's predictions. The Kings of France have been usurpers for centuries, he states, even before Louis XVI.; and there are mysterious allusions to younger brothers who reigned in the place of the elder! This, of course, has been taken as an allusion to the Man in the Iron Mask, and to point to a solution of the mystery that envelops him.

During the coming fall the world will witness a series of appalling disasters. There will be awful plagues, overwhelming floods, and a terrible reign of fire. Paris herself will be annihilated, and all the ancient buildings that have so far survived will be swept away. Infidels will return to the fold, and Yvette Guilbert, the music hall singer who created such a stir upon her recent visit to America, will become a *religieuse*.

M. l'Abbé S— paid a visit to *la royante*, who told him that his sister was dangerously ill. "Why," said the Abbé, "that cannot be, since I very recently heard of her being in excellent health!" He returned home, and found awaiting him a letter stating that his sister, who lived in the country, had been suddenly prostrated by a severe attack of illness.

She was visited by M. Jean Sabatur, of the Boulevard de la Tour-Maubourg, and to him she imparted the pleasing news that he was about to receive a legacy. M. Sabatur had no expectation of this good fortune, yet it was realized within a few days.

Mme. Ugaldia had a daughter seriously ill, and the Angel, through the medium of *la royante*, predicted the young woman's recovery. Upon the day named in the prophecy she recovered.

M. C— was informed that he had sent a picture to the Salon. This was so, but to his utter astonishment the Angel described the picture, and predicted that the critics would discover certain faults in it. The judgment of the connoisseurs subsequently corresponded exactly with the prediction.

None can yet explain the mystery of Mdle. Couédon and her gifts. But it must be remembered that in 1788,

in the Salon of the Countess de Grammont, Cazotte, a famous Frenchman of that day, prophesied the death of Louis XVI. upon the scaffold.

TO CLEAN THE STREETS.

A GERMAN mechanic with a genius for invention has devised a street-cleaning machine which is said to solve a hitherto inscrutable problem. Experts, it seems, have always maintained that to produce a mechanical contrivance which at one operation will thoroughly sweep the street, and collect and remove the sweepings, is an impossible achievement. Yet this has been accomplished, and without the adoption of a complicated system of mechanism.

Every one is familiar with the common machine in use in most of our large cities—a single large revolving broom drawn by a horse. The new device is in few respects similar. It has a three-sided frame extending along the sides and front of the machine, the main axle of which carries the main brush. There are in addition two side brushes, which work forward of, and to the right and left of, the main or central brush, in such a manner that they practically extend the path being swept to double the width of that covered by the main brush. As the machine goes along, one of the side brushes is generally used to sweep the gutter of the street, while the other may be simultaneously employed to assist the main brush on the level. The side brushes are set diagonally, so as to direct their sweepings into the path of the main brush; they revolve upon their own axles, and can be raised from the ground by means of a hand lever when the driver wishes to stop their operation. The brush axles have also springs, so that, should the brushes strike an obstruction in the roadway, they can at once regain their proper position. The hand lever for raising or lowering the brushes is convenient to the driver's grasp, being fixed upon the platform where his seat is mounted. This platform is fixed upon a forward truck running on two wheels. The side brushes are furnished in front with deflectors, curved so that they may assist in directing the sweepings toward the center of the path. These deflectors are of metal, with lower extensions of sheet rubber, in order that they may ride easily over stones and other obstacles. They rise and fall with the brushes as the latter are worked by the hand lever. The main brush is adjustable on the same principle as the side ones, by means of a hand lever within the driver's reach, and by pulling upon which he can raise the brush clear of the ground.

As to the collection and storage of the sweepings, this is effected in an ingenious manner. Fixed right across the machine, and in its length about equal to that of the main brush, is an elevator trough, so arranged that at the proper intervals it will rise and fall by means of chains. The elevator trough is fed, or filled, by a collector trough—which lies between the main brush and the elevator trough—its edge coming well under the edge of the brush and close to the ground. Into this the sweepings are cast by the brush. The collector trough is hung upon a rod, and as the elevator descends it is adjusted so as to strike certain attachments of the former. This contact, which occurs when the elevator has reached its lowest position, causes the collecting trough to turn over and empty its contents into the elevator. In order to prevent the sweepings from the main brush being thrown clear of the collector, a curtain of tarpaulin or other suitable flexible material is hung around the sides of the frames in which the brushes are placed, and this serves to deflect the flying sweepings downward into the trough. The elevator trough carries the sweepings from the collector to a third receptacle, where the dirt remains until finally dumped into a cart.

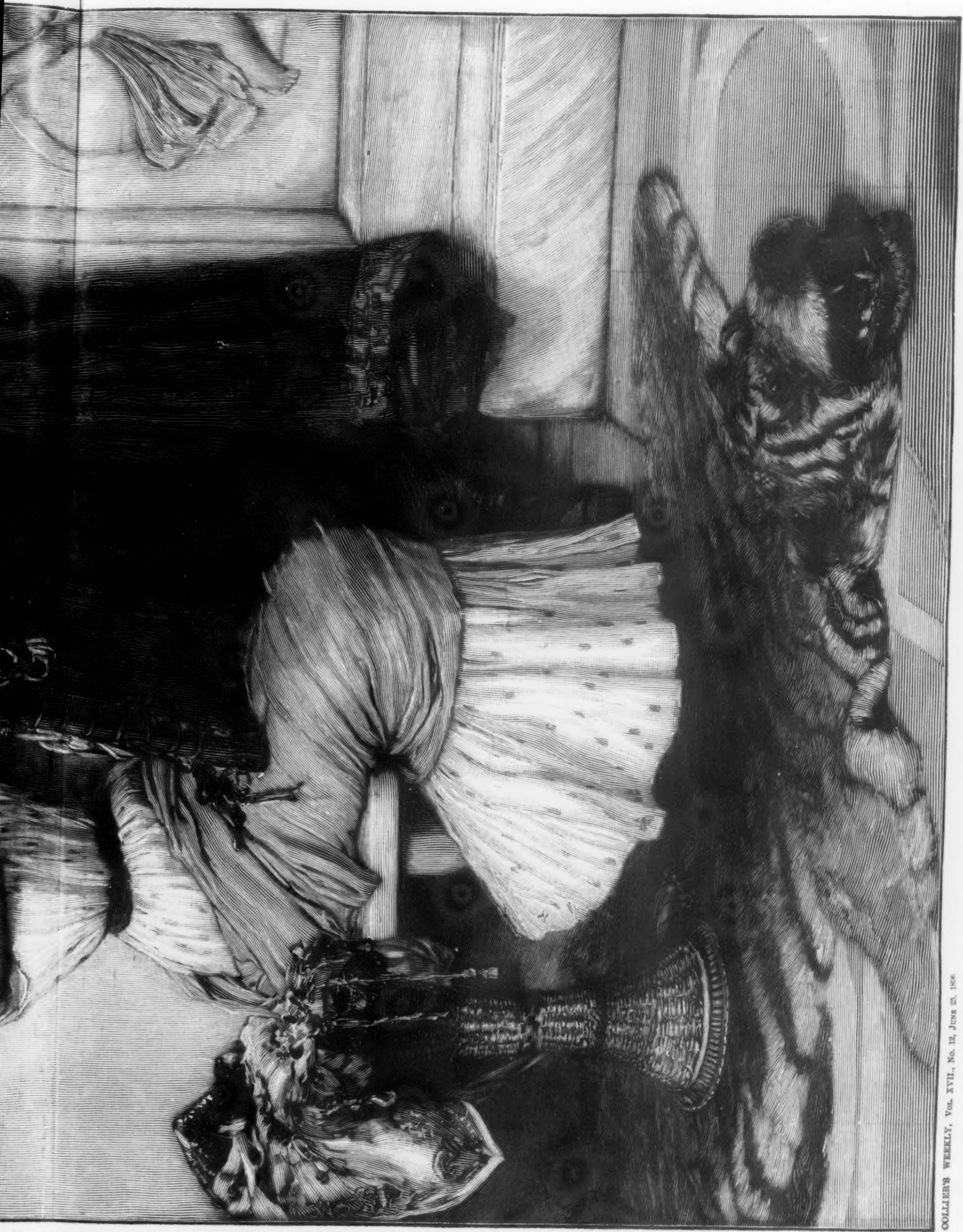
A sprinkling device is also provided for, to be located within the framing which contains the brushes. This consists of a water tank, from which pipes and branches lead to the fronts of the main and side brushes. A cock for turning on and off the water is placed within easy reach of the driver. This arrangement is intended for use whenever the dust of the road is exceptionally dry and liable to be blown about. The driver, however, can, at any time he desires, turn on the water.

Twenty years are said to have been spent in investigation and experimental process before this German mechanic succeeded in perfecting his invention. Many advantages—besides the main one of acting as combined sweeper and collector—are claimed for it. It is said to sweep cleaner than any other machine of its class, and that it cannot scatter the dirt from the roadway on to the sidewalk, because, by working close up to the curb, it sweeps the dust from the gutter toward the middle of the street. The sweepings, not being projected in bulk before the main broom, but thrown, as described, into the collecting trough, the machine can of course be made very "light running," and so wear and tear of brushes and driving mechanism, and also the draught of the machine, are greatly reduced. The driver, having such complete control of the brushes, need not stop when he wants to reduce the sweeping area; but, by simply using the hand levers, can regulate at will the width of the surface to be swept. The common brush machine, when it is used along the surface of badly paved and uneven streets, leaves much of the sweepings behind, in crevices and holes; but with the present device, in which the brushes are self-adjusting in their relation to the pavement, and the collector trough receives the dirt direct from the main brush, the work is, of necessity, done with thoroughness. Nor is the street encumbered by long lines of dust heaps, to be subsequently scattered, while awaiting removal, by rain or wind, or passing vehicles.

The inventor points to the economy of administration in municipalities rendered possible by the use of his machine. Possibly there may be in this an object lesson for those who love to pursue investigations into municipal extravagance. On the other hand, many worthy persons hold that the idea of "labor-saving" devices, and the practical application of the same, can easily be carried too far to agree with the common interests of humanity.

"MR. MCKINLEY will be elected," says the New York Press, "even if President Cleveland does vote for him."





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LOVE'S WHISPERINGS.—PAINTED BY C. MUCCIOLI.

OUR NOTE BOOK

THE other day a statement was elsewhere published relative to the age when women marry. It was said that within the last two decades there had been an advance from the normal age of eighteen to the maturer one of thirty. It was intimated that in view of the statistics matrimony was going out of fashion. That is all nonsense. Girls are married now just as young and just as often as they used to be. In place of the old maid we have the bachelor maid—the same person under another name—and that is all the difference that there is, except merely that the bachelor maid is more notorious than her predecessor. It is not her fault either; it is the journalists. In cold type the old maid never was interesting; the bachelor maid always is. The very combination and inherent antithesis of the words used to designate her evoke in the mind the picture of a young and handsome creature, dressed in semi-masculine attire, who smokes cigarettes, knocks about with entire freedom, and cares precious little whether school keeps or not. That picture evoked, the journalist, the magazine writer, any literary hack, feels that he can rattle along for a column and be sure of space and attention, too. But the point is just here, any woman under forty who for any one of a thousand reasons gets into print is always described by the reporters as pretty, and if she doesn't happen to be ugly as a hedge fence she is labeled as a beauty. That's the way newspapers are made. Anything which happens to a woman who can be described as alluring, goes, and into headlines at that; anything which happens to a woman who cannot be so described may go also, perhaps, but only into an item. As a consequence, when you read about bachelor maids don't be beguiled by imaginative writers into thinking them beauties, or that they are affecting the statistics of matrimony in any way. They are not. There are as many unmarried women now as there were twenty years ago; as many, that is, in proportion to the great increase of population; but there are no more. And as for maids—"bachelor," as they are called to-day, "old," as they used to be termed—when they are pretty they marry, and when they are plain they don't. A pretty girl can't help getting married, however she may try. Her life is a burden until she says Yes. The moment she has refused one man there is another to the fore. There are processions of men bothering her until out of weariness or affection at last she consents. Matrimony is not going out of fashion. It came a long time ago, and it came to stay.

Every now and again some one will say in your hearing, Is such and such an act right or is it wrong? And it may be that you hesitate before you reply. But there must be a test; let us see if we can find it. Guizot held that the obligations to avoid wrong and cleave to right were laws as much acknowledged by man, in his proper nature, as the laws of logic; but he failed to offer a distinction. The recommendation of George Eliot to live in deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn of miserable aims that end with self, in thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars, supplies only a portion of the omission. The difficulty touching the subject is not removed. The criterion is absent. Nor are we aided by the *Ethica Magna*, in which Aristotle asserts that every being acts according to his essence, for we knew it before. Nor even by the sigh, *Du bist am Ende was du bist*, for we heard it sung in Faust. On lines such as these the test is still remote. Descartes, who taught of two substances, mind and matter, precisely as though he had seen and counted them, could, Mme. de Staël has said, distinguish between right and wrong as readily as between blue and yellow. But an opinion is not evidence. Besides, women are sad gossips. Yet supposing that this lady told the truth, in what did the gift consist? Surely she could not have meant that his ability to discriminate consisted in believing that whatever he said was right and whoever disagreed with him was wrong; for there is nothing unique in that, it is what we all do. Perhaps, then, what Mme. de Staël meant—presupposing always that she was not chatting through her bonnet—was that Descartes' system consisted in differentiating between what does and what does not repel. If the supposition be correct, we have only to inquire what it is that always attracts, and the distinction between right and wrong is approachable.

The answer is within beak and call—Beauty. The green abysses of the mountains, loyalty to the disloyal, the splendor of polar stars, a song signed Swinburne, the rainbow's arc, harmonies of instruments, of colors, of thoughts, of words and birds—it is these things that never repel. Beauty is harmony. The spirit is in love with it and at war with discord. The attraction which comes with the one, the involuntary recoil which is born of the other, is evidence, slight perhaps, but still evidence to the truth of this. Beauty is Nature's earliest law, the truest of her symbols. Its expounders were Saviours. It was Harmony the Christ taught, it was Beauty the Buddha preached. Whoso violates their canons goes forth an outlaw from the Best. It is beauty that is the test. According as an action is conducive to harmony or to discord, according as it is capable of attracting or repelling, so is it commendable or the reverse.

From beauty to taste the transition is easy. Did you know that if the nose be closed the sense of taste is practically eliminated? In that condition you can distinguish between what is bitter and what is sweet, and but little else. The appreciation of good food comes almost wholly from the sense of smell. The fragrance of a flower will recall associations with curious potency. The delicacy of this sense is best demonstrable by the effect of musk, of which a single grain will scent a room for years, and yet the most sensitive scales will not record the loss of any of its weight. During these years the musk must exhale its particles in order to be noticeable, and that it does not lose in weight is evidence of the power of the sense of smell.

Of course the nose does not really smell any more than the ears hear or the eyes see. Take the sense of sight, for instance. We all think we see the sun, and as a matter of fact none of us do. What we mistake for the sun are certain modifications of light in immediate relation to our organ of vision. Appreciation of odor, light and sound is derived from the brain. The senses are merely transmitters. In other words, our consciousness of external existence is merely the product of our representative faculty, a fact from which the curious delusions of the majority of German metaphysicians come. To them the whole of the material world is but a cerebral phenomenon. According to Fichte, for instance, there is no real existence. The only things that exist are pictures, and these pictures exist after the fashion of notes. They are pictures which float past, without there being anything past which they float. Pictures which picture nothing, images without significance and without an aim. Reality is a dream, without anything of which the dream might be, or a mind that might dream it. It is a dream which is woven together in a dream of itself. Intuition is the dream; thought, the source of fancied reality, is the dream of that dream.

If you have read Heine's "Reisebilder" you will remember the hilarity that these hysterics aroused. But some took them seriously and got vexed. Heine represents a burgomeister as exclaiming: "That man thinks I don't exist, does he? Why I am stouter than he and his superior, too!" The ladies asked: "Doesn't he at least believe in the existence of his wife?" "Of course not." "And do you mean to say that she permits that?"

But, however facetiously the matter may be viewed, the subject has been and still is one of the great battlefields of metaphysics. It was, however, merely on speculative principles that Fichte and Hegel and Schelling contended that our knowledge of mind and matter is only a consciousness of what Sir William Hamilton has christened "various bundles of baseless appearances." They did not deny the veracity of consciousness; they denied the veracity of its testimony, a distinction as subtle as it is valid. For all practical purposes the material world—including their wives—was to them not only thoroughly real, but it went spinning through space at the rate of nineteen miles a second. And it was merely the certainty of uncertainty, the haunting conviction of the unreliability of the perceptions which in earlier days led Socrates to maintain that the only thing he knew was that he knew nothing which caused them to discriminate between what they felt and what they knew.

The Canary Islands, the Fortunate Isles of long ago, are fortunate still. There is a climate there which makes mere living a delight, an endless spring; there are there forests, valleys and intervals that are exquisite in their beauty, and the birds that come from there, little birds of the palest yellow, of the tenderest green, do not, as you might think, give them their name; for the Canary Islands mean not bird-land, but dog-land, the home of canines, good ones, too—dogs that don't bite hard, that rarely bark, and at which it is a pleasure to look. Apart from such noise as they make, were it not for the constant warble of countless birds it would be one of the quietest places in the world. And all of a sudden Fuerteventura, the chief town of the largest island, has been thrown into a ferment of excitement. A large packing case recently went ashore there. It was opened. Within was another of finer make. Inside was a zinc water-tight receptacle in which lay the corpse of a girl. She looked to be about twenty. Her mouth was perfect, she had a straight Greek nose, her ears were perfect, the contour of her face was perfect, and her hair was black, abundant and silken. She was dressed as though she were going to a wedding or had come from a ball, in white and lace and jewels. She was so young, her features were so high-bred, the cut and quality of her garments were of such a nature that she might have been the daughter of a ducal house. But what her eyes were no one could tell; they had been gouged out, and her forehead was an open wound. Photographs have been taken and circulated in an effort to secure identification. If the effort succeeds, what a tale of mud and of blood may unroll. And meanwhile what a mystery is there. Wasn't there somebody once who said that truth is stranger than fiction? Should a novelist begin a story with an episode such as that, it would be interesting without a doubt; but would you think it ever had really happened?

"The world is on the edge of a convulsion which may envelop three continents. The East is not dead, but sleeping," said Jules Simon, and it may be that he was right. The nations and races of Asia and Africa are reported to be reviving relations among themselves to thwart, resist and overcome European aggression. And why not? It is not so many hundred years ago that Rome was mistress of the world, and at the moment when the Empire was most secure there were blue-eyed barbarians drinking hydromel to her fall. Presently they fell upon her, not one by one, but all at once, and so fierce was the onslaught that the colossus tottered, startling the universe with the uproar of its agony—calling to gods that had vacated the skies, calling to Jupiter, calling to Isis, calling in vain.

Armed with Maxim guns, supplied with modern artillery, enraged by injustice, animated by fanaticism and led by another Attila, it would be easier still for the Asiatic and African hordes not alone to rid their continents of Europeans, but to annex Europe as their own. They could put a million fighters in the field for every hundred thousand that Europe could produce; and fighters, too, that face death with a fatalism which makes them terrific.

The possibility of such a contingency is, in view of the reports, not so incredible as it may seem, while the rescue of the Sudan from Anglo-Egyptian control and the utter defeat of Italy in Abyssinia are significant. But it would be curious, wouldn't it, if Macaulay's New Zealander turned out to be an African?

Heretofore physicians have told us to avoid sugar, but the advice does not seem to have been heeded. The proportion of its consumption is a pound a week per capita in the United States. In the West Indies during the sugar cane season the negroes eat a pound a day. Now

scientists tell us that the chemical energy produced by it is one of the chief sources of muscular work. Experiments have been made with it as a diet, and it has been found that where nine ounces of sugar were taken in addition to the ordinary food the gain in muscular power was in some instances increased from ten to thirty-six per cent. All of which, I dare say, is true. But before eating nine ounces of sugar a day it would be wise to consider whether the work to be done is physical or mental. If the former, go ahead; but if the latter, pause. Cheese and pork and pie are very good things for a plowman, but they are rather damaging to any one who leads a sedentary life. On the other hand, if you are fond of biking, sweets of some kind will help, particularly if you ride a tandem, when you will find it most agreeable in the shape of a pretty girl.

EDGAR SALTUS.

"A NEW MOTIVE FOR MURDER?"

THE Fleming trial proceeds with such slowness that the suspense of the alleged poisoner of her mother must have become by this time unbearable. Of course it is the duty of the prosecuting attorney in all cases where guilt is possible to sift matters to the bottom and convict the prisoner if guilty. There is a reasonable limit to all things, however, and it is not the purpose of justice to make a dramatic rehearsal out of a criminal trial. It seems that in recent functions of this kind in New York the purpose has been principally to build up the reputations of so-called medical experts and ambitious lawyers.

Whether the astounding accusation made last week by Mrs. Fleming's counsel that one of the expert witnesses for the prosecution had said outside the court that she must be convicted, guilty or otherwise, was a brilliant flank movement by the defense or not, time must decide. Certainly the prosecuting lawyers feel themselves professional losers, so far as reputation is concerned, if they are unable to establish the guilt of the person under indictment, and would seem to have no desire to arrive at even and exact justice in the matter.

The prosecution in the Borden case, although taking less liberty with the time and patience of the Court, was equally merciless in its attempt to convict, and partially destroyed its own chances by such overzealousness. COLLIER'S WEEKLY recently published a short story entitled "A New Motive for Murder," by Arthur Field, in which the case was drawn of a clever detective proving that an ambitious criminal lawyer had actually planned a crime to make himself famous by proving the guilt of a person whom he had arranged to have in such an equivocal position at the time the murder was committed that he must be convicted. Many persons doubtless thought the idea a little far-fetched when they read the story, but it seems to have been strangely within the bounds of possibility from recent developments—showing that after all truth may be stranger than fiction would dare to be.

The fact is that there is a difference which should be recognized between the duties of the police department and the district attorney's office, which has to be recognized independent of professional fame. Are not lawyers employed to do duty in the public service rather than to strain at every point to make reputations which will be profitable to them after they are out of office? Sensible people believe that there will have to be a cessation of so much sensationalism on murder trials, and such stupendous and often useless displays of professional talent. Jurors are so hard to obtain that reputable men are openly accused by the Recorder of lying in order to shirk the responsibility and discomfort of such work. But that is not all. Think of the horror, the intolerable suspense and agony that entails upon the unfortunates upon whom the ban of suspicion is put by ambitious reporters and detectives, who has not only to face this prolonged mental torture, but also to be able financially to meet the expense of proving their innocence.

A CASE OF EVOLUTION?

Another youth of the callow order, impressed with the conviction that the insurrection in Cuba could not get along without him, has suddenly disappeared from his home at Sing Sing, N. Y., with the stern purpose of making things even hotter for Spain than she finds them at present. His services had been already declined by General Gonzales de Quesada, but that was a trifle which did not affect him in the slightest. The war-struck youth, *partant pour Cuba*, has become a familiar object of late. He has quite outstripped, in the race for notoriety, the small boy who burdens himself with muzzle-loading revolvers of an antique type, the surplus family cash, and but one pair of knee-pants, and forthwith forsakes home and friends to battle with Indians in what still remains of the once wide Wild West. We don't hear so much as we formerly did of the doughty juvenile Indian slayer. Can this be because he has grown up, and developed into the hobbledehoy who thirsts for glory in Cuba?

CLUBS AND THE RAINES LAW.

A test case was recently decided in the Supreme Court of this State, Special Term, in the matter of the Rochester Whist Club against the County Treasurer, in which it was held that a man's club was his home, and that a regularly incorporated club organization did not come under the provisions of the Raines Excise Law. The decision, as handed down by Judge Davy, says that "the application for an order directing the County Treasurer of Monroe County to issue a liquor tax certificate to the Rochester Whist Club, under chapter 112 of the Laws of 1896, is denied, and the writ of certiorari wanted herein is quashed, but without costs to either party." The case was instituted solely to test the law in its relations to social clubs.

THREE FOR A DOLLAR!

Three what? Three charmingly executed posters in colors, drawn by W. W. Denslow, Ethel Reed and Ray Brown, will be sent free of postage to any address on receipt of One Dollar. All who are afflicted with the "poster craze" will immediately embrace this rare opportunity, as but a limited number of the posters will be issued. The scarcity of a good thing enhances its value. Address GEO. H. HOFFORD, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

PUBLIC OPINION

SAN FRANCISCO'S TRAVAIL.

SAN FRANCISCO has escaped the visitation which recently brought St. Louis so unpleasantly to the notice of the civilized world, but if we may judge from a perusal of the columns of the local press, she has other troubles to worry her. The Town Crier, in the *News-Letter*, sends forth the following plaint:

"General Coxe, late commander of the vanished Industrial Army, is here. So is Louis Gronlund, the Socialist; so is the Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, the personal enemy of the Pope of Rome. And they are all talking, God help us. San Francisco is not in the cyclone belt, so in order to be up with the St. Louis procession we generate our own wind storms. The tide of emigration sets toward Missouri."

X RAYS AND TEMPERANCE.

The London *Graphic* comments on the infinite variety of fields of usefulness which the X rays are destined—in the popular imagination—eventually to fill. "It has, however," says the *Graphic*, "been reserved for Miss Frances Willard, a bright and shining light of Transatlantic Temperance, to promise the enrollment of the X rays beneath the banner of militant Teetotalism. One has heard of the Awful Warning; that is to say, the reclaimed drunkard who thrills a Teetotal audience with the recital of his past alcoholic achievements. Well, it seems that the Awful Warning will now have an even more favorable opportunity of working for the cause. 'Things seen,' the poet tells us, 'are mightier than things heard,' and the poet is about right there. Wherefore it is proposed to utilize the X rays 'for revealing the process of deterioration as it develops, drink by drink, in the drunkard's stomach.' This should be, from the spectacular as well as from the scientific point of view, a very remarkable experiment, but it occurs to one that it will take rather a long time to perform. The process of deterioration as produced by a succession of single drinks is not rapid, and the subject of the experiment will have to take a good many before he gets perceptibly 'further' in any sense of the term. Nevertheless, the Awful Warning will have an uncommonly good time. And it is pleasant to think that if ever the Awful Warning succumbs to the effects of his zeal for Temperance, there will be no lack of candidates for the reversion of his position in front of the camera."

A CHANGE OF HEART.

Now that the British worshippers of Dr. Jameson have discovered that their idol has feet of clay it is amusing to note the efforts of the London press to climb into the band wagon and demonstrate that they never took any stock in either him or his achievement in the Transvaal country. The London *Spectator* devotes a couple of columns to show that the ride of Jameson and his followers was really a very commonplace effort and showed neither unusual endurance nor unusual skill, and that compared with the performance of the Boers in assembling to resist the invasion it was ridiculously slow. We do not recollect that the *Spectator* was especially loud in its commendation of Jameson, but the following certainly indicates a remarkable change of heart:

"We are accused of being Boer sympathizers," says the *Spectator*, "and we confess that we think little of those persons who do not sympathize with the Boers in their gallant efforts to preserve the independence of their country. Courage and physical endurance are qualities to honor even in an enemy, and these Boers are only our enemies when we attack them. Consider what they did. When Jameson met them at the Queen's Battery he had four hundred and eighty men with him, men in good case who had smelled powder in the campaign against Lobengula. And against him on the Wednesday afternoon from half past two till six o'clock he had only two hundred and sixty Boers; even in the last hour he outnumbered his opponents by nearly two to one. And yet these Boers stopped him. Are we not to honor these men for their courage and endurance, the majority of whom had had neither rest nor proper food nor sufficient ammunition?"

"The truth is that all the excuses made for Jameson do apply to the Boers. They were tired and hungry, and they did run short of ammunition. They had seized their rifles and go on their horses, and went to meet the invaders with half a dozen rounds per man. It is part of the tragic comedy of the situation to recall how ammunition reached them. The deputation of Reformers had gone to Johannesburg by special train, and had concluded a sort of armistice with the Transvaal authorities. On that Wednesday afternoon they were talking proudly and confidently enough in Pretoria with the representatives of the Transvaal Government, and those representatives had learned by telegram that Jameson had been stopped, and in a few hours would be so outnumbered that he would be forced to surrender. Assured that all was for the best in this best of worlds, the Johannesburg Reformers got on board their special train and returned to Johannesburg, all unwitting that a wagon had been hitched on to their special train—a wagon filled with ammunition for the Boers, a wagon that ran through Johannesburg and thence to Krugersdorp, which it reached in the nick of time."

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENTS.

The *Illustrated American* makes a strong plea for the retention of the College Commencement. It argues and rightly that the college commencement is gradually yielding its old power to the great football and baseball meetings, and deplores the fact. It says:

"Commencements are ceasing to be picturesque.

They are a barren official function which the students avoid like death. College after college has dropped the addresses by the graduating class. A recent collection of letters to *The Critic* from college authorities indicates that this year more than ever before the exercises will be confined to an address by some eminent personage and the formal giving of degrees.

"What is the earthly good of this ghastly thing? Why not abandon the public exercises altogether and sign the degrees as we sign checks and send them by mail? A college commencement without student *personnel* is an uninteresting ghost, and the public have no time for it.

"The word commencement still in a degree touches the public because of its old associations. In America it has been for two and a half centuries the one day when the students and the people joined interests. On that day the student emerged from his repression and demonstrated to the world the value of his training. He closed his long period of preparation with a graceful dignity and entered manhood's responsibility with a well-deserved glamour of publicity. This open and honorable rounding up of college life was his anticipation for four years, his most interesting anniversary for the remainder of his life. In the public mind it gave accent to the romance and idealism of a college course. It was the most attractive advertisement of the value of college training. Best of all, it gave the right kind of emphasis to collegiate education—it was marked before the world as an intellectual training for life's business.

"Give us back our commencements. Let the students choose their own representatives as the speakers. They will be immature, but they will be truer exponents of the university training than any airing of theories by its president. We shall again have the touch of romance and the thrill of youth to draw us back to alma mater, and perhaps, by another generation, we may grow to imagine again that the true business of college is to train the mind."

PADEREWSKI ON CHINESE MUSIC.

Paderewski, it appears, is an admirer of Chinese music, as the following from the *San Francisco Call* would indicate:

"This music infatuates me! It was thus Paderewski spoke of the efforts of the Chinese artists, who are now filling every hole and cranny of the Chinese rookeries with the din of their unmelodious but classic productions. 'Then it is music?' was asked. 'Music?' he answered, 'music? Why, it is wonderful music. I never saw more dramatic expression put into tones. In their plays fully half their effects are produced by the orchestra. I could not understand their words, but the music told the story. What appealed to me most was the beautiful simplicity of it all and the evident art. There can be no doubt it is art,' he asserted, when some one questioned the work of the musicians coming under that head. 'It is art, too, that is the result of centuries of study. Those players do not sing as they do without great study and practice. Neither could the instrumentalists produce the effects they do without having been carefully trained. It seems to me to combine many peculiarities of the Slavic and of the Scotch music. The rhythm is perfect. Through long recitative the entire orchestra rests, yet the measure is never lost.'"

THE JUNE "CENTURY."

THE June number of the *Century* opens with a most interesting article on "Sargent and His Painting," by William A. Coffin. "The Little Miss Beatrice Goelet" is a very sweet illustration of one of the American master's portraits. "Honor to whom honor is due," and certainly the decorations in the Boston Public Library carry one off to the classical masterpieces of the Old World. John Singer Sargent is one of those artists sure to "live in after ages" through his works. The biographical sketch is most interesting. At Florence, Italy, he saw the light, where his parents had been living some years. So the American Michelangelo, like his great predecessor, Buonarroti, is a native of the City of Flowers on the banks of the Arno. Mrs. Humphrey Ward, in "Sir George Tressady," proves once more, if proof were needed, an intimate knowledge of the inner workings of the mind. This is only to be expected from the author of "Robert Elsmere." The characters are true to life, and we shall watch the denouement of the plot with interest.

In "Lights and Shadows of the Alhambra" we are carried through Sunny Spain by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, the pictures by Joseph Pennell. The land of Cervantes and Don Quixote merits more than a passing remark. To tourists bent on dining *a la carte* in a French restaurant Puchero, Garbanzos and Gaspacho leave a great deal to be desired, not even the red wine of Valdepenas can make amends, by reason of its flavor of pigskin. But to lovers of the picturesque such discomforts are quickly merged in the new and interesting views of life and scenery. Who would not suffer many minor grievances to see the Alhambra of Granada, with its Gate of Justice, Court of Lions, Garden of the Generalife, "The First Court's Cool Canal," the Court of Myrtles, the Red Palace on the opposite height, the approach to Granada from near Elvira, Court of the Fish-Pond, Court of the Mosque, Fountain of Charles V., and all the other souvenirs of this Moorish relic in the land of the Spanish hidalgos? "The Alhambra as seen from the Albaycin" is very fine, and the veiled señoras, before "the Grille which even in Spain is without equal" at Capilla Real Granada is quite characteristic.

"Mr. Keegan's Elopement," by Winston Churchill, is a very charming story, splendidly worked out, which ended in a marriage on board the steamer "Southampton" of the Union Line. Mr. Keegan was not the bridegroom, though he played such a conspicuous part in the drama.

Life in Southern California is cleverly pictured by Mary Hallock Foote in "The Harshaw Bride."

Mr. James Bryce, M.P., in his "Impressions of South Africa," shows some new phases of that much-talked-of region.

"Notes on City Government in St. Louis" is doubly interesting on account of recent tragic events in that city.

"The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," by William M. Sloane, is told in such manner as to throw fresh light on that wonderful man's career, from the time of the Austrian marriage until the fatal Russian campaign the illustrations of the principal events are given.

In the "Sayings and Doings of the Todds," by Viola Roseboro, a young lady reporter from Kentucky is "the leading lady," as the stage manager would say.

Joseph R. Bishop, in "Humor and Pathos of Presidential Conventions," tells us many things of these historic gatherings, at which Clay, Webster, Lincoln, Greeley, Blaine and Sherman figured.

The poetry is much above the average in this number.

A CHICAGO ADVANCE.

The Lake Street Elevated Railroad in Chicago, the second to be operated exclusively by electricity, was opened for traffic June 14 at daylight, the experimental runs having proved entirely successful. The road is one of the Yerkes interests and runs west from the vicinity of the Masonic Temple for a distance of some six and a half miles of double track. The electrical current is for the present taken from the stations of the North Chicago Street Railroad Company, and carried by the side of the service track upon a third rail just outside the guard timbers. This rail is supported by pillar insulators set every six feet, and is protected by two planks set on edge. This provision is made to prevent accident from any carelessness, and it will be impossible for the workmen to lay any metal on the third rail and the track at once, thus eliminating any chance of shock. The current returns by the track rails and structure, and the greatest care has been exercised to have the return circuit as perfect as possible to prevent leakage. The feeders of copper cables are carried on insulators along the side of the third rail and boxed over.

The motor cars are about the same size as those on the Manhattan Railroad of New York. They were formerly used with steam locomotives on the Lake Street Elevated. Each train will consist of three or four ordinary cars, and one motor car at the head. The motorman's cab is at the front right-hand corner of each motor car, and contains the controller for turning the current into or out of the motors, an automatic circuit breaker which protects the motors from any sudden rush of current, the air brake levers, and an electrically driven pump for the compressed air, which starts automatically when the pressure in the tanks runs down. The electrical equipment of each car is the same as that which the General Electric Company put on all the motor cars of the Nantasket Beach Branch of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, and the West Side Elevated Railroad, also of Chicago; and, in addition to the apparatus in the cab, consists of two motors of one hundred and twenty-five horse-power each, both motors being mounted on the forward truck. The current from the motors is taken from a sliding shoe, loosely hung from two beams projecting from the side of the car truck between the wheels. It is so suspended that it cannot fail to make perfect contact with the third rail as it passes along. The cars are lighted by incandescent lamps.

NEWSPAPER CONVICTION.

The opening paragraph of a Sunday newspaper article upon the trial of Mrs. Fleming, now in progress in New York City, is somewhat curiously worded. The writer says that "in New York's current criminal history Mrs. Mary Almont Livingstone Fleming is the most sensational figure." Why a person, whose case is yet *sub judice*, and who has not been convicted of any crime, should be described as "a figure in criminal history" is a problem which writers of Sunday "specials" may be able to solve, even though the reader of average intelligence may not.

ONE WAY TO GET A LIBRARY.

A number of ladies who form the Reading Class of Bay Ridge, near New York City, being anxious to raise money for the establishment of a Free Library, have started a garden-truck market and are selling its products in the vicinity. Their own carriages are used in the work of distribution. We have heard of attempts to extract sunshine from cucumbers, and of the failures which ensued. It is to be hoped that these ladies will meet with better success. Their Free Library, considering the circumstances which surround its origin, should provide a "salad" of the most comprehensive and appetizing kind, for local literary palates.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE HEN ROOST.

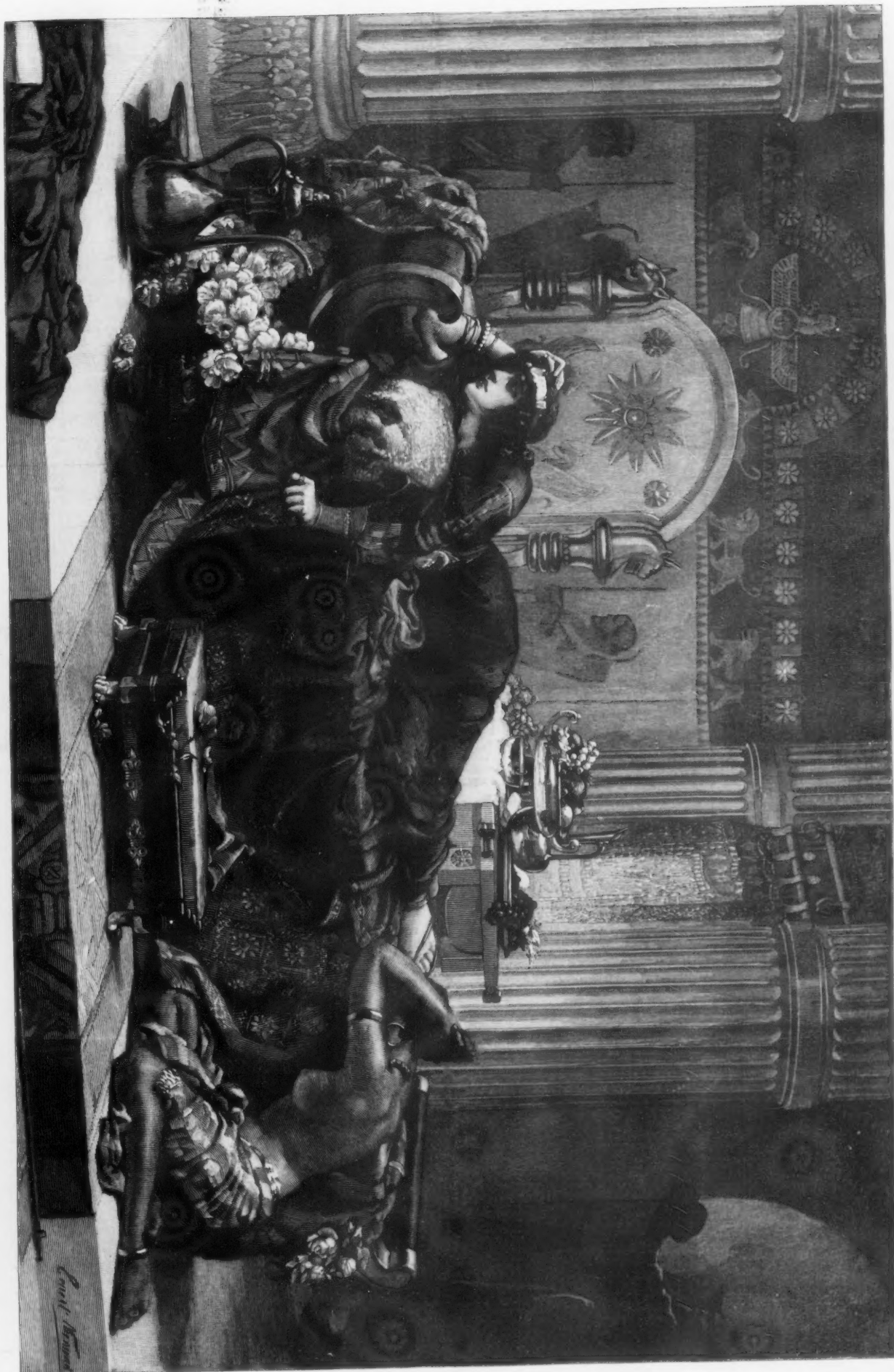
It is seldom that even the most indefatigable and enthusiastic hunter discovers a frog eleven pounds in weight. A colored boy residing in the rural districts of New Jersey found a bullfrog wandering along the shore of a reedy pond, and was so startled by its abnormal size that he ran home to announce that alligators had taken possession of the sheet of water. The frog was captured. It so happened that the boy's father, a certain Mr. Asa Jackson, of much fame in the neighborhood, was about to kill the fatted calf in preparation for his silver wedding feast. Instead, he killed the frog. As frog's legs are credited by connoisseurs with possessing a delicacy of flavor superior to that of spring chicken, the colored community doubtless enjoyed a rare treat. Since the discovery, however, the remaining frogs have not exactly enjoyed a piping time of peace.

A NEW GUIDE.

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GOSSIPS.—DRAWN BY FRANZ SKARBINA.



VASHTI DEPOSED.—PAINTING BY ERNEST NORMAND.

ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

UNTIL you have seen the young Archduchess Olga, her Imperial and Royal Highness, you have not seen all that's fat and well fed in babies. Esculapius in Russia goes "one better" than his confrere in the British Isles. In these parts, when a great medicine man is called to the mansions of the great and the noble, to minister to the ailments, real or imaginary, of the latest addition to the family, Esculapius looks round, and, beholding a state of existence to which nothing is wanting but immortality, with every evidence of too much money and no way of spending it, he draws his own conclusions.

Having left a specimen of his handwriting by way of prescription, in which all the letters stand awry, he rises, and gives one parting instruction for the children in general: "Don't stuff them," says the great man; and, with emphasis having uttered this last oracle, he departs. Here, no doubt, is an advice beneficial to himself, as well as the babies, mindful of the many times he may have to leave his "warm bed an hour before the lark," a thing he has a proud aversion to. But Russian Esculapius is determined H. I. H. Olga shall be stuffed, and that to repletion. She is the very image, so far, of her great-grandmother Queen Victoria at the same age, and if she turns out half as great a woman her parents will have every reason to be proud of her.

The Czar is fond of everything English; this is the reason he rode into Moscow for his coronation on a magnificent clear gray English charger, shod in silver. He has had this favored animal ever since the time he was Czarevitch. It is now thirteen years of age, and is called Norma. Czar Nicholas II., following a time-honored custom, will never mount it again. It will be kept in the Imperial stables, just as the eight cream-colored Hanoverian steeds are kept in the royal stables, Buckingham Palace. They were used last at the opening of the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, by her Majesty in 1893.

I feel sure you harbor no delusions on the English evacuation of Egypt. Lord Salisbury will never sign such a document; he means to hold on to Egypt and as much more as he can grasp. Mr. Balfour, his nephew and partisan, the leader of the Conservatives in the House of Commons, has the same iron grip—Imperial policy we call it here. Egypt has now become such a winter resort, and Cairo is so surrounded by villa residences of the English and Americans, one feels quite at home there.

The Khedive is a good-natured young man, well educated and enlightened. You remember he married a slave girl, who is the mother of the little princess, now some two years of age. The marriage ceremony was quite a simple affair, merely a writing down of the contract, that was all.

On the continent of Europe, Egypt seems to be the favorite subject or bone of contention the French journalists are ever harping on. They want the English to quit; but this they never will do, until we all leave en masse at the sound of the last trumpet. When one remembers all the sacrifices that have been made this is only reasonable.

Never mind all the idle talk you hear about a war with Russia or Germany; these countries are not in a financial position to stand a strain of one million pounds a day, which would be the estimated cost of an army in action. Besides, what would be the good, *cui bono*? The Czar has quite enough to do to manage the interior affairs of his vast Empire; he and the Czarina have both spent happy days in old England, and, besides, the necessary sinews of war could only be supplied by the Rothschilds, who are well known to be more English than the English themselves. This well-known trait in their character has also been the means of subduing the German Emperor William II., the "War Lord" as they call him in the Fatherland. He is getting older now, and so stout that many pounds' weight of dignity have been added to him. The Kiel fete, which took place last July at the opening of the Baltic canal, were very resplendent, but the canal itself is a gigantic failure. The promoters are sadly disappointed, and the receipts have dwindled down to almost nothing. No doubt he (the German Emperor) might like to lead his legions into Africa, nominally to help President Krueger, but he is checkmated at every turn.

During the regime of the Iron Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, when his policy became too aggressive the Rothschilds threatened to break every bank in Berlin, until he desisted. The German students

have not forgotten the many legends of which "Mad Bismarck" was the hero; they have raised a monument in his honor on the hill of Rosenberg, Thuringia, where the hero of many a hard-fought field in the Franco-German campaign is represented in a colossal statue in undergraduate costume. Prince Bismarck's favorite dog Tyras has just died—"the dog of the Empire" as it was called—and, will you believe it, poor old Bismarck wept as his favorite dog and constant companion breathed its last.

Buda-Pesth, the twin city on the Danube, the capital of the Kingdom of Hungary, has been celebrating the millennium of its monarchy by fetes rivaling in splendor those at Moscow for the coronation of the Czar. The new Houses of Parliament, the gift of the nation, were formally opened by Francis Joseph, who entered accompanied by all the members of both Houses and the municipal bodies. Emperor Francis Joseph, being King of Hungary, wears the crown of St. Stephen. Many people regard Buda-Pesth as the Paris of the future. Its progress in recent years has been marvelous, the conciliatory policy of Francis Joseph having done much for this result.

Barcelona has not yet recovered from the effects of the bomb launched during the recent procession at the Church of Santa Maria; the city is placed under martial law, and the thirty-two prisoners arrested on suspicion will be tried by court-martial. The French police in Paris were the first to send warning to the Spanish Government of the intended Anarchist manifesto. Madrid is also in a state of uneasiness, and stringent measures of precaution are in force.

Prince Victor Napoleon's letter to General du Barail contains this memorable passage: "You call my attention to the articles in the journals which speak of imaginary negotiations in which I am supposed to renounce my rights. The Napoleons have no other rights than those they hold from the people, and the people alone can invalidate these rights. As representative of a great cause, I will never withdraw from the duties imposed on me by the name I bear. We can patiently bear misfortune, and I am one of those who resolutely and coolly face the future, in which I persist in having confidence."

Prince Victor, then, is not out of the running. Many people think a revival of a monarchical form of government would be a good thing for France. It could be set aside so easily at any moment. A few harangues to the people and the "Marseillaise" is all that's ever needed to raise a Paris revolution.

Meanwhile, in the small circumference of most European countries, and in a limited space wherein "Each thinks his little set, mankind," as Byron said, a monarchy is beneficial to trade and commerce.

The Queen's birthday was celebrated with the customary honors. A magnificent dinner was given at the Foreign Office by the Prime Minister, followed by a reception by Lady Salisbury, at which the crush was something tremendous. It was almost as much as one's life was worth to toil up the staircase. All the ambassadorial magnates and attachés in full uniform; kings, potentates, peers and peeresses without number, and a crowd of lesser fry. At Moscow, too, they commemorated the seventy-seventh anniversary of Queen Victoria's birth. Sir Nicholas O'Connor gave a grand dinner at the British Embassy. There were seventy-one guests; all the ladies wore tiaras, and the seven tables were each presided over by a direct descendant of Queen Victoria.

At Potsdam the German Emperor gave a lunch at the New Palace.

June 20 her Majesty enters the sixtieth year of her reign, having succeeded to the crown June 20, 1837. It is semi-officially announced on the conclusion of the sixtieth year, June 20, 1897, celebrations such as marked the Golden Jubilee in 1887 will be the order of the day. It will mean a great number of decorations and titles all round.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor's second dinner was a greater success than the first, and was equally high-toned, none but the *creme de la creme* admitted. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, looking as fat and good-natured as ever; dukes, marquesses and all ranks of peers and peeresses; ambassadors, American beauties, and politicians, mostly Conservatives.

Mr. Balfour's all-night debate will long be remembered in the House of Commons. It was not Mr. Broadhurst alone who had to complain of hunger, and nothing to relieve it but poached eggs; for in the reporter's gallery many a benediction was showered on the right

honorable member; but he heeded them not. He is angling for promotion. There will be a splendid appointment in the gift of Lord Salisbury next month, by the retirement of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava from the diplomatic service. Speculation is rife as to his successor, for the British Embassy in Paris is a coveted position. "Ambassador's pay" is a well-known synonym for luxury, but the pay is almost the least consideration. There are the perquisites and the prestige attached to the position. The Marquess of Lansdowne is named, but as he is already at the War Office this seems doubtful. At the same time he has been Governor-General of Canada, and Viceroy of India, like Lord Dufferin; and moreover he is poor, and the position is such as would suit him. There are two sons and a daughter in the Lansdowne family yet to be provided for; the elder daughter is married to Mr. Victor Cavendish, heir presumptive of the Duke of Devonshire. Lord Dufferin will retire to his lovely ancestral seat, Shane's Castle, County Antrim.

Sir Philip Currie, the present British Ambassador at Constantinople, is also named as Lord Dufferin's successor. His wife was once a very celebrated lady journalist in London, and was on the staff of the *World* in the days when Edmund Yates was king, or, as we say, "Boss" of that favorite journal. Lady Colin Campbell is now responsible for some columns of society news in the same paper. Lady Currie, I feel sure, has had quite enough, and to spare, of life in the city of the Sultan. Miss Singleton, her daughter by a former marriage, has become Mme. de Groot, wife of the Belgian attaché, also quartered in Constantinople.

"The Light of the Harem" may be a very fascinating person to the unspeakable Turk, but she is a pitiful slave to her Western sisters. Moreover, her fate is usually as mysterious as her nationality, and it is only "when the sea gives up its dead" we shall fully know all the horrors veiled by the Bosphorus. Lady Currie's sister is Mrs. Moncrieff, whose husband, Major-General Moncrieff, is at present commanding the Dublin district.

Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Chancellor, will be the lion of the hour during his stay in London. No expense is to be spared to impress his Excellency with a full knowledge of the greatness and power of Britain. He is the richest man in the world according to some; but undoubtedly the richest in the Empire of China. He has been at the coronation in Moscow as representative of the Emperor of China.

The private chapel, Buckingham Palace, will witness the marriage of Princess Maud and Prince Charles of Denmark. The Duke and Duchess of Fife were also married there. The Queen will be present. The guests are limited to one hundred and fifty.

The latest addition to the American colony in London are Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Kelly of New York. They have taken Lord Essex's place, near Watford, for a term of years.

The troubles in Crete have quieted down, but Eastern Europe is always more or less in a state of fermentation. The young Duke of Sparta is looked on as the coming man in Greece. He is heir-apparent, as you know; but apart from this he is clever and studious, and a great favorite with the Greek. His wife is sister to the German Emperor.

The death of Jules Simon removed a notable personality from Parisian society. The vacant fauteuil of the great scientist Pasteur has been filled by the election of M. Gaston Paris to the French Academy. Great preparations are being made for the Grand Prix, which will be raced for at Longchamps in a fortnight.

PRACTICAL REFORM.

New York millionaires are waking up to the fact that whether they are their "brothers' keepers" or not they must do something to still the ominous sounds of discontent around them. The first step proposed to afford relief to the masses is a plan to build workmen's homes, to be paid for on the installment plan. Millions have already been pledged to the work, if sufficient encouragement is given by the people themselves to warrant the expenditure. A member of the Improved Housing Committee recently expressed himself on what he said was the great American failing—extravagance. Said he: "The man who shall inaugurate a general reform movement among the American people in the direction of thrift will be one of the greatest benefactors of his age. We are unquestionably a nation of spendthrifts, and

half the time people suffer for the lack of the one thing needful is in consequence of their own deliberate improvidence."

It is surprising what a little saving will effect in the way of future comfort to a poor man, and also the ease with which this saving, on a small scale, can be accomplished if once the determination is made to attempt it. The best proof of this is the number of persons owning a houseful of furniture, which was bought and paid for on the installment plan. In New York alone are thousands of families which would never have owned a stick if they had not acquired it by means of this system. Many householders have gone further than this and, through the medium of reliable building societies, own the homes in which they live. A movement is now afoot to facilitate the acquisition of homes by working people. Fortunately, it is being engineered by people who are likely to make a great success of it. The scheme will be philanthropic only in principle, experience having proved that such enterprises to be successful must be conducted on a strictly business basis.

A body known as the "Improved Housing Council Committee" was organized last March in New York by the "Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor," with such names on its committee as Hon. W. L. Strong, Mayor of New York City; Cornelius Vanderbilt, Bishop Potter, Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, R. Fulton Cutting, Felix Adler, R. W. Gilder, and many others. The active work of the committee is in the hands of Professor E. R. L. Gould of Johns Hopkins University, who has spent years in Europe studying the model tenements and workmen's homes in England and Germany. Professor Gould's plans are such as to merit the confidence of every workingman desiring to own his own home. In the first place, the investor is guaranteed five per cent interest on his capital, while a sinking fund will be established to cover all contingent losses. This is the maximum interest that will ever be payable to the stockholders, and the society will bind itself to take no advantage of the unearned increment in any property it may acquire. A life policy will be issued to all who secure a home on this plan, which policy will be so graded as to expire when the property is paid for, thus reducing its cost to minimum. Suburban homes will cost from twelve hundred to twenty-five hundred dollars with lot included. The smallest will contain six rooms and bath, and can be owned by the purchaser at the expiration of fifteen years by the payment of twelve dollars per month, which will include interest on loan, insurance and installment payment. As soon as plans have been decided on a block of model tenements will be erected in New York City. It is not considered practical to sell homes of this kind to tenants on the installment plan, but an excellent substitute will be provided. It is intended to make the shares of stock in the society as small as five dollars each, bearing five per cent interest, and, by acquiring a number, a workingman may become his own landlord, with the advantage of not having any special tenement on his hands, if he should desire to move. This scheme, and the plan of D. O. Mills of erecting two workmen's hotels in the slums of New York, seem to be two of the most beneficent projects yet started to aid the better class element among the working people.

A KNOTTY PROBLEM.

Festina lente would be a safe maxim for our modern city reformers to follow, the opposite course which they have been pursuing having so far yielded unsatisfactory results. Among the latest instances is the case of Major P. M. Haverty, a veteran of the Civil War, who had been removed, ostensibly on the plea of physical disability, from one of the four assessorships provided for New York City by the Consolidation Act. At the time of Major Haverty's removal the other three assessorships became vacant and the four were filled by appointments made by the Reform Administration. Major Haverty carried his suit for reinstatement before the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, which decided in his favor. The Court of Appeals has now affirmed the finding of the lower court, holding that mere physical defects are not enough to warrant the removal of a war veteran. Now comes the amusing part of the case. The law allows only four assessors, while the city now practically has five. Who is to be displaced to make room for the reinstated Major Haverty? When he was removed no one of the new appointees was actually designated as his successor, and the problem is who is to step down and out? One of the present incumbents is, like Major Haverty, a veteran, so that the choice of whose head is to fall in the official basket rests between the others. Meantime it is always good policy for the "ins" to "make haste slowly" when dealing with the "outs."

OUR COUNTRY IN MINIATURE.

An interesting and novel scheme was introduced to the consideration of the United States Senate, before the recent adjournment of Congress, by Senator Cannon of Utah, in the shape of a joint resolution providing for the construction by the Government of a ground map of the United States, to be known as "Our Country in Miniature." The project had the unanimous recommendation of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, and the resolution was passed by the Senate without one dissenting voice.

The plan embraces the appointment of a committee of five citizens, three to be selected by the President, one by the President of the Senate and one by the Speaker of the House, the commission to examine and report upon the practicability and cost of establishing at or near Washington a ground map of the United States on a scale of one square yard of map surface for each square mile of actual area, or in such other proportion as might be deemed advisable. The relief map when completed to be "Our Country in Miniature," reproducing in earth and other materials according to scale the boundaries and topography, all the natural and artificial features of the surface, showing geographical divisions, the mountains, hills, valleys, forests, lakes and streams, cities, villages, etc. The commission was to serve without compensation.

When the matter was first proposed there was no mention of a site, but it was later on suggested that the reclaimed Potomac flats would suit admirably; as, being Government property, the cost would be thus materially lessened. The map, it is said, could be constructed on a scale of about three hundred acres for the United States, and four hundred and sixty-five acres for the United States, Mexico, Central America and the Gulf, equal to about two linear feet to the linear mile and four square feet to the square mile.

Another advantage offered by the selection of the Potomac flats would be that the Washington Monument would stand just outside the eastern shore of the map, overlooking it, and answering all the purposes of an observatory tower. As already stated, the resolution passed the Senate, but of its fate in the House we have yet to learn. Meantime scientific men are much interested in the project, which they hope sooner or later to see become an accomplished fact.

SOME BUSINESS METHODS.

As an instance of what some persons consider "business" to be or mean the following well-vouched-for story is told in connection with a prominent concern in New York City. The firm is in the dry goods business and has a large department store. Each of the departments has its regular buyer who does the purchasing of that particular line of goods. It chanced that on one occasion a member of the firm purchased a parcel of a particular line of silks while the buyer was out, from a drummer for a large importing house.

The buyer, to show that he could do better than his employer, told him to send the goods back or cancel the order. Then he set about in a diplomatic way to get the goods, which were very salable for his class of trade.

He called at the importer's office incidentally one day and was offered the goods. He said it was too late in the season to get rid of them at any price they might be marked. Finally he consented to allow them to be sent to the store, on consignment, for about two-thirds the price at which his employer had previously bought them. The goods were put on sale by him and cleared out rapidly at a handsome profit. When next downtown, however, he called at the importer's office and was asked about the silk. He replied that it was too late to sell it and that the importer had better send a truck to take it away. An offer of the goods was then made at a ridiculous price if he would buy them outright. He practically named his own figure and that ended the transaction. That is an example of one style of business method.

PLUMBERS ON WHEELS.

The bicycle has become a factor in the labor movement, and the Central Labor Union has been called upon to determine what its place shall be in the relations between employers, the workmen, and the public at large. The general objection of the trades to its use is that it enables the men who make use of it to get to and from their work with greater expedition, and the saving in time induces a larger amount of work being done in proportion.

As might be expected, the bicycle agitation has been traced to the plumbers, and the objection to its use has become a fixed rule with some of the plumbers' unions, notably that of Indianapolis

(Plumbers' Union, No. 73), which at a recent meeting passed a resolution forbidding the use of bicycles during work hours. The secretary of that union was also directed to communicate with the National Plumbers' Association with a view to having the rule extended to all unions in the country.

When it began to leak out that a new order of plumbers had arisen who went about from job to job on bicycles, and accomplished more work in one day than under the old system in three days, property owners began to feel that life, even to the man who once in a way may need the plumber, was worth living. But now comes the walking delegate to sit upon the "scorching" plumber and Hope again vanishes. The "bike" plumber, however, it is said, means to "hold the fort," and the property-owning public "may be happy yet."

A NEW UNITED STATES.

If Cecil Rhodes cannot become King of South Africa he evidently intends to work for autonomy of the various States. Britishers with imperial federationist ideas are not crying over the downfall of the ambitious young man. Rhodes's speech at Bulawayo indicates that he now favors the formation of a United States of South Africa, doubtless with himself for President.

WOMEN vs. WAR.

The International League of Women for the purpose of General Disarmament has been formed in Europe, having for its object the abolition of war.

It is stated that over forty million lives are sacrificed each century in battle. In addition to this millions of others are starved to death to keep up the enormous expense of the standing armies. The latter would seem to be the most intolerable of the two evils.

In criticizing the chances of good work being done by the new League, M. Frederick Passy, president of the French Society of International Arbitration, says: "I do not believe that the great European Powers will disarm until they are certain that a universal peace can be maintained. I have long looked forward to a general reduction of the military forces in Europe, but I think that this reduction will not take place until the peoples and Governments learn to regard each other with a kindlier feeling than now."

The League, however, has mapped out an extensive programme, and some of the best-known women in the leading cities of Europe are members of it; Mme. Flammarion, wife of the great astronomer, being at the head of it.

DECADENT ART.

When are we going to have a change from the absurd and *risque* in the "artistic" work of our magazines, Sunday newspapers and weekly publications? Decadent art seems to have sent publishers and picture-makers mad; but probably the case is only one of a temporary revival of antique models. Anyway it seems silly to make a scrawl of ridiculous shape and call it a picture. The appearance of a new decadent in Germany, who follows the lines of Beardsley, and leaps into fame immediately, provokes this comment. He is a member of the Art Academy at Weimar, and his name is Walther Caspari.

A FRENCH CRISIS.

Paris dispatches announce that France is again agitated over the marriage problem. She is rapidly sinking, say the statisticians, to the position of a second-rate nation because her people object to having families. Radical measures in regard to the matter are to be adopted which will include a system for reducing the rate of taxation on persons having large families.

The agitation is being carried on by an organization known as the National Alliance, formed by Dr. Jacques Bertillon, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, and two professors of medicine, Drs. M. Charles Richet and Javal. It will be interesting to watch the result of such legislation and see what effect it has upon the tendency of the age to shirk the responsibility of families.

The same tendency is noticeable in the United States as in our sister Republic to avoid having large families. We may have to come ourselves to adopting such methods as the French professors propose in the course of a generation or two.

HOKEY POKEY vs. ICE CREAM.

There seems to be no fathoming the depth of unseen dangers which lurk around us where we least suspect their presence. A crusade against hokey pokey has been going on in London for some years, and shocking accounts of the millions of microbes found in the mixture have been published from time to time.

A member of the Health Board, however, analyzed a strawberry ice cream bought of one of the most fashionable West End caterers recently and found that it contained from eight to fourteen million bacteria to the cubic centimeter, among them the bacillus coli, which is a worse record than that of the Italian street vendors. Now, who will lead a crusade against strawberry ice cream?

STATE OF WAR ACKNOWLEDGED.

One of the reasons put forth by Spanish representatives in Cuba for treating the patriots as brigands is that a state of war does not exist in that island and that Cubans who are captured are not to be considered as prisoners of war. In a recent issue of the New York Journal the following extract from the correspondence of General Bradley T. Johnston may be found:

"I called on the Captain-General this afternoon and requested a pass to Morro Castle to see Dawley as his counsel. General Weyler said very politely that he had no power to admit a foreigner to the Castle in time of war, and therefore could not let me go in."

If this is not an admission of the existence of a state of war, then we do not know the English language.

WHO DISCOVERED X RAYS?

If the tale which comes wafted to us on the western winds be true, Professor Wilhelm Roentgen of Wurzburg University will be shorn of his laurels as the discoverer of X rays. It is now claimed that fifty years ago a Greek investigator made the discovery and the circumstance which has recently been brought to light is worth some inquiry. The story comes from Grand Lodge, Mich., in the following shape: Dr. G. A. Brown of that city has in his possession a bound volume of a magazine called the *Mechanic's Mirror*, published in Albany, N. Y., in the year 1846. The editor and publisher were Robert McFarlane and John Tanner, both of whom were vouched for by the Albany Citizen of that day as "practical mechanics." The bound volume referred to contains in the October issue the following announcement:

"EXTRAORDINARY.

"The following communication was made to the Academie Royale des Sciences de Paris at its last meeting by a Greek physiologist, A. M. Esseltja, who asserts that by the assistance of electric light he has been enabled to see through the human body and thus to detect the existence of deep-seated disease. He has followed the operations of digestion and of circulation. He has seen the nerves in motion. M. Esseltja has imposed the name of 'anthroposcope' on his extraordinary discovery."

Whether this was some device of electric light used to produce certain effects it is difficult to say, but it certainly seems to present proof that X rays are not, as was supposed, a recent discovery.

THE "TIP" QUESTION.

Shall we tip the barber? That is the question of the hour. Is there anything radically wrong in tipping the barber when "tipping" is so much in vogue? We should say not. How many men are there who would be glad to pay twice over for a shave in which extra care had been taken to avoid rendering the operation painful? Some have sensitive skin, and it may take extra time on the part of the operator to avoid inducing irritation. This is worth some extra consideration. Others again are afflicted with growths of wiry beard which present difficulties that the barber has to cope with, and the man whose

"Chin, new reaped,
Shows like a stubble field at harvest
home."

without having been made to wince while in the chair can afford to be generous.

The great composer Wagner was of the latter class, and when he lived near Lucerne in 1868-69 he had one particular barber to shave him. That identical tonsorial artist has been living in New York for years, and he asserts that Wagner came regularly to his shop to be shaved on every alternate morning, that he had a tough beard and a tender skin, and that when the operation was over the "tip" in the shape of a franc piece was invariably forthcoming. Without committing ourselves positively to the solution of the barber "tipping" difficulty, we may suggest that there is an easy way out of it for any one who objects to the "tip" system, and that is—to shave himself.

COMPRESSED AIR.

The adoption of compressed air as a motive power by the Metropolitan and Third Avenue Railroad Companies in New York City brings this useful force prominently to notice.

It has been used for some time in Paris,

Berlin and London, and is by no means a novelty, having been in use for years in various ways. These include over a score of methods of application. It is a rival of electricity, and being more easily controlled, possesses advantages over it for use on street railways. This fact should lead to its adoption on a general scale, for the slaughter by trolley cars has been one of the discouraging features of the improved speed obtained by the use of electricity in connection with street cars. To the latter power compressed air is believed likely to become a most important rival.

EXTREMES MEETING.

Extremes sometimes meet in this world. It is related of a visitor to Boston that while riding recently on the front platform of a street car he in a fit of absent-mindedness happened to repeat in an undertone a few favorite lines from Virgil. The driver was the only other occupant of the platform, and the traveler was somewhat surprised to hear the concluding lines of the stanza from where he had left off repeated to the end by the driver. While he was indulging in some surprise at the unlooked-for evidence of culture in a street car driver, and drawing conclusions favorable to the acknowledged intelligence generally of the Hub, the car swung round a corner, bringing into view a signboard on which was displayed the following legend:

"Veterinary Surgeon—Horses Clipped Satisfactorily Inside."

Verily, extremes do meet.

TRUCK FARMING.

The development of truck farming in certain sections of this country has gone on at such a remarkable rate that laborers are in actual demand along the Atlantic coast for this class of work. In the States of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia there are many opportunities for men to earn steady and decent wages, according to reliable information from these sections, and information on the subject can be obtained by addressing any of the Baltimore daily papers.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

The House Judiciary Committee has agreed to a favorable report on the joint resolution permitting the reorganization of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, which has been in the hands of a sub-committee for some time, but striking out the provision which gave the new company the right to reserve any mineral or timber lands, permitting them only to retain the coal mines now in operation.

An amendment providing that all the liabilities of the old company from a period dating twelve months prior to the appointment of a receiver for the old organization should be accepted by the new company was, after some discussion, adopted by a bare majority.

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In the April Number were

- "THE TREASURES OF SAN ANTONIO," by F. Russell (a serial). An exciting story of adventure in search of buried treasure (fully illustrated).
- "ALL A MATTER OF TASTE," a story of an African king who liked to eat ants.
- "THE YOUNG WANDERERS," an illustrated story about a brother and sister who got lost.
- "A REVERIE," a poem, illustrated.
- "A BIRD'S CRADLE," all about the nests of different birds.
- "OLD CUSTOMS," St. Valentine's Day. One of a series of old-time customs, illustrated.
- "FINISHING TOUCHES," a poem, illustrated.
- "THE STORY OF NELSON."
- "PUZZLES FOR WISE HEADS."
- "POPULAR PLACES OF RESORT," illustrated.
- "LEFT IN CHARGE," a poem, illustrated.
- "THE CAPE RATTLE," an exciting adventure with this beast in Africa, illustrated.
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- "THE LIFT OF THE VALLEY," an interesting bit of natural history, illustrated.
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